

Galileo Galilei

and

Vesalius and Servetus

ROBERT LALONDE

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Canadian drama (English) - 21st
century

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Galileo Galilei

Persons in the play (26)

Galileo Galilei, astronomer
 Giordano Bruno, philosopher
 Marina Gamba, companion of Galileo
 Roberto Bellarmino, cardinal, chief theologian, Jesuit
 Leonardo Dona, doge of Venice
 Paolo Sarpi, counselor in theology of the Doge of Venice
 Poma, assassin
 Cristina, dowager grand duchess of Tuscany
 Christoph Clavius, astronomer, college of Rome, Jesuit
 Federico Cesi, marquis of Monticelli, founder of the Lyncean Academy
 Francesco Stelluti, mathematician, member of the Lyncean Academy
 Claudio Aurelio, guard to Bellarmino
 Simplicio, fool of the papal court
 Christoph Scheiner, astronomer, Jesuit
 Orazio Grassi, astronomer, college of Rome, Jesuit
 Maffeo Barberini, cardinal of Bologna and later Pope Urban VIII
 Benedetto Castelli, astronomer, Benedictine
 Tommaso Caccini, priest, Dominican
 Tommaso Campanella, priest, Dominican
 Giovanni Ciampoli, student, later priest and Urban VIII's secretary

Domenico Riccardi, licenser, Dominican
 Sister Arcangela, daughter of Galileo
 Francesco Niccolini, Tuscan ambassador
 Vincenzo Da Firenzuola, commissary general of the Inquisition
 Carlo Sincero, proctor-fiscal of the Inquisition
 Francesco Barberini, Urban VIII's nephew, cardinal of the Inquisition

Attendants, guards, and prisoners

Time: 17th century

Place: Italy

Act 1. Scene 1. The Field of
Flowers in Rome. 1600

Enter Father Sarpi, Stelluti, and Aurelio

Sarpi. Yes, seized by the Inquisition of Venice and then delivered to Rome as an impenitent apostate.

Stelluti. To be toasted black for saying that the sun lies still!

Sarpi. If the matter depended on me, Giordano Bruno would still be clapped in Venetian bolts, safer than under Rome's tooth and claw.

Aurelio. He was questioned by Cardinal Bellarmino, scholar of heretics and vicar of punishments.

Sarpi. Rome is proud; I would rather see her fall than tyrannize.

Stelluti. Here come the Jesuit cooks.

Sarpi. Is it not Cardinal Bellarmino and Father Clavius?

Aurelio. Priests scratch each other's scabs.

Stelluti. Bellarmino waters his garden-trees with the blood of heretics.

Aurelio. Clavius pisses holy water and defecates Christ's wafers.

Sarpi. They say Bruno is accused of errors on eight propositions, that the universe is infinite, that the earth moves around the sun, that many earths exist, and found guilty of them all.

Stelluti. I'll cross their meditations as I whistle.

Enter Cardinal Bellarmino and Father Clavius, attended

Aurelio. We learn religion from murderers. Even as a child I avoided churches, where it is piety to disobey.

Stelluti. Your eminences, we are yet to know for whose impious feet yonder blocks are stacked.

Bellarmino. For Giordano Bruno's, that great blasphemer.

Sarpi. Why must he suffer the bitterest death?

Clavius. Because of his heinous opinions.

Stelluti. For thinking, then?

Bellarmino. For thinking ill.

Clavius. He'll be killed with clemency, without effusion of blood.

Stelluti. I'm greatly relieved, your eminence, for I faint on seeing a man bleed from the nose.

Bellarmino. On his mule, he's presented throughout his way with icons to kiss and tablets colored with blessed images.

Stelluti. Why?

Clavius. To save his soul.

Aurelio. To spare the soles of his feet, Stelluti.

Sarpi. Some philosophers are damned by men but loved by God.

Bellarmino. I doubt that.

Clavius. He denies that Christ is God.

Stelluti. O, then, his final speech should be all the more entertaining.

Bellarmino. Oh, no; we rejoice that he's bound in an iron gag, with one spike on his tongue and another on his palate.

Clavius. He's muzzled because blasphemies lead the mob astray. Let him argue instead with Satan, into whose house he'll enter this very night.

Bellarmino. Move to a prominent place above the people.

Enter Bruno, guarded. The crucifix is pressed to his face; he turns away in disgust; some attendants gasp.

Sarpi. His mask speaks.

Clavius. Behold the apostate, Romans of true faith, and carefully meditate on his pains.

Bellarmino. Strip the offensive heretic naked to the barest flesh and lead him with immediate haste to his place of shame.

Clavius. Who can pity a man who on his final minute embraces in a knot of pleasure his damnation?

Exeunt Father Clavius and Bruno, guarded

Bellarmino. Thus we proceed against those who are against.

Sarpi. (aside to the others) Thus Rome, in abuse of power, kills her worthiest.

Stelluti. The Inquisition inquires into everything except its manner of inquiring.

Sarpi. We see Clavius sprinkle holy water on his opinions.

Aurelio. He reforms a calendar, but not his sins.

Re-enter Father Clavius as smoke fills the air and cries are heard within

Stelluti. Clavius returns. He's an in-and-out man.

Sarpi. With the church as his whore.

Clavius. The year of our jubilee begins with fires of joy. The smoke from a heretic's burning flesh is a delicious odor to the faithful.

Bellarmino. The heretic knows what is at stake; now the stake knows him.

Aurelio. Your eminence, I was recommended to your service by Father Tommaso Campanella.

Bellarmino. Aurelio! I see you now. From this day, you are part of my retenue.

Aurelio. My lord cardinal, I'll be as fixed to your wishes as the cardinal points.

Exeunt Cardinal Bellarmino, Father Clavius, Aurelio, and enter Cesi

Sarpi. Aurelio is accepted.

Stelluti. This unlooked-for promotion will serve as a tavern jest forever.

Cesi. And aid persecuted philosophy.

Sarpi. Rome believes he holds divinity by the hair and makes her speak.

Stelluti. He grasps shadows. The blind juggle with colored balls. The only morality is the freedom to do as one wishes without hurting others.

Cesi. Morality alters in every church.

Sarpi. Hush, you are too free.

Stelluti. Every night, in review of the day's events, I pray to my god, instinct: that tells me what to do.

Sarpi. Will you adore a god that accompanies you to the tomb and leaves you there?

Stelluti. Religion is the mirror of our mind.

Sarpi. I hoped for more charity among churchmen.

Stelluti. To hope for wisdom from the mouth of fools is to become a greater fool.

Exeunt Cesi, Stelluti, and Father Sarpi

Act 1. Scene 2. A dungeon in
Naples. 1606

Enter Father Campanella and Aurelio

Campanella. You see how it is with me.

Aurelio. Despised by powerful priests, do you wonder why you weep in prison?

Campanella. I nearly faint at my constant dangers. I'm tortured as an afterthought, whenever any tedious day lies heavy on the mind of the captain of the guard.

Aurelio. You trusted men of religion: are you astonished that your bed's a prelude to the grave and a meeting-place for worms, that cobwebs are your summer-fruits?

Campanella. For seeking to expel Spaniards from Naples, Spaniards hate me, what is worse Spanish priests hate me, and what is worse of all high lords of the Spanish Inquisition hate me.

Aurelio. And yet the green monster I serve in jest loves you.

Campanella. Pull away the curtain of your design, let me but gaze for an instant at your improbable theater, and in my desperation I'll believe what surpasses credence.

Aurelio. Bellarmino has befriended Maffeo Barberini, cardinal of Bologna, who hates Spaniards in Naples worse than happy atheists.

Campanella. This may do much.

Aurelio. In the meantime, how may I comfort such pains as would have staggered Greece's barking cynic in his tub?

Campanella. Send me more books.

Aurelio. I'll lend you my Lucretius, whom I clasp on my bosom as tightly as that foolishly atrocious cross which binds your heart to an open sepulchre. He says that religion is the worst vice ever to infect our moral mind, the soul's toothache, our main ball of humiliation, a needless and mortal cure for that nothing we call death, and yet he never knew Christianity. The only heaven within our reach is not to believe in it.

Campanella. Come, generous Claudio, I must feed on what rats cought at, lest you find tomorrow in this sad world one fewer friend to help.

Exeunt Campanella and Aurelio

Act 1. Scene 3. The doge's palace
in Venice. 1607

Enter the doge of Venice and
Father Sarpi

Doge. We know you as a careful observer of nature.

Sarpi. I study valves in veins, constriction and distension of the pupil, and the polar attraction of magnets.

Doge. Ambitious studies for a philosopher, astonishing for a churchman.

Sarpi. From theologic meditations, I conclude that the council of Trent should be forgotten. Let us

separate from Rome and establish a Venetian free church.

Doge. The pope's request to repeal our restrictions to the building of churches and monasteries is laughingly rejected.

Sarpi. The result is excommunication, flight of Jesuits, burning of our books-

Doge. Intemperate threats will not shake Venetian resolution.

Sarpi. I argue on behalf of peaceful separation between church and state.

Doge. Peace is found with angels, with nothing, not with men. We are armed against Rome's superstitious dominations.

Sarpi. The clergy should be subject to the state. I invoke tolerance to all creeds and modes of worship.

Doge. Will Rome negotiate, when he knows only how to command?

Exit the doge and enter Poma

Poma Sir, is your name Sarpi, defender of the Venetian church?

Sarpi. It is.

Poma. (stabbing him) Then defend yourself against this.

Sarpi. Ah, ah, ah!

Poma. Thus true faith pays the false.

Exit Poma and re-enter the doge and attendants

Doge. I had forgot to- ha! Sarpi is killed.

Sarpi. Not killed yet, my lord.

Doge. Pursue the murderer in swiftest haste.

Sarpi. I'll wait for him here, since I have nothing else to do at the moment.

Exit an attendant

Doge. Who has done this?

Sarpi. I recognize the stiletto of the papal court. (he faints)

Doge. Your life is an eternal example to me.- Bear him quickly to our surgeons.

Exeunt the doge with attendants bearing out Father Sarpi

Act 1. Scene 4. Galilei's house in
Padua. 1609

Enter Galilei and Marina

Marina. Do you call those people wise who receive visits by enemies of the state?

Galilei. Father Sarpi is hated in Rome but loved in Venice.

Marina. Is not the danger the same?

Galilei. Worse.

Marina. I would not be known as an accomplice to rebellion.

Galilei. To apostacy.

Marina. I would not deal with apostacy.

Galilei. Why fear? The entire Venetian state is banished from grace.

Marina. Here's one who escapes from his grave as if he meant to have others fill it in his place. I'll welcome him with a sheet over my head.

Exit Marina and enter Father Sarpi on opposite sides

Galilei. Learning breathes again, now that Sarpi is recovered. Abandon religious studies and take up natural ones, less dangerous by far.

Sarpi. I walk in gondolas and watchmen carefully survey my sleep for suspicious shadows.

Galilei. Here, we shoot no bullets, but gently release bronze balls.

Sarpi. Yet, at Pisa, students knew you as the wrangling professor.

Galilei. There philosophers confidently assert that, because they strike the ground at the same time, small pellets of hail fall faster or drop from lower clouds than greater ones.

Sarpi. You refute false hypotheses as easily as the rain that washes our city streets.

Galilei. I climbed Pisa's tower, and, to increase the fame of our physical sciences, threw balls of different weight at the feet of blinking incredulity below. The unequal balls struck the ground at the same time. Thus, by curious

demonstration, Aristotle's error is exposed, and what we commonly observe in the streets may finally be read about in books.

Sarpi. Galileo meditates, pronounces, and then we are convinced. You propose to search out a new law on the free fall of objects?

Galilei. I do, by letting balls roll down inclined planes.

Sarpi. If interested in falls, why do you study diagonal motion?

Galilei. Balls plummet too quickly for my poor timing device: water-drops accumulating in this basin. For ease of calculation, I use a constant unit of time and vary distances and slopes.

Sarpi. Does not the ball's friction hopelessly muddle your measurements?

Galilei. I attenuate that pernicious influence by using smooth balls on a tight groove. Under stable conditions, approximations of free fall accurately reveal the vertical path of objects. My empirical observations, Archimedes-like, are analyzed mathematically.

Sarpi. Some verify hypotheses with observations, but your observations initiate new hypotheses.

Galilei. Based on argument by induction from the particular to the general, I arrive at the following law: the distance travelled by falling objects is

proportional to the square of elapsed time.

Sarpi. And therefore, as shown from your tower, balls of different weight follow the same law.

Galilei. True. From that first proposition, I derive a second one: the fall of objects obeys the impulse of constant acceleration.

Sarpi. Demonstrations in physics ravish me like divine light.

Galilei. More certain though less true.

Sarpi. Such conclusions require no knowledge of ultimate causes.

Galilei. Our only metaphysics is a belief in nature's order.

Sarpi. We have news from Venice. A Dutchman named Hans Lippershey has invented an instrument which makes distant objects seem near.

Galilei. Ha! Is this certain?

Sarpi. A countryman of his presented the glass to our Venetian senate and demands a high price for it.

Galilei. We must build and provide them, too.

Sarpi. How?

Galilei. The image from a convex lens enlarges, but indistinctly. The concave may breed with it a visionary offspring. Let us assemble lenses of different size and thickness and discover how well our fortunes improve by them.

Exit Father Sarpi, enter Marina

Marina. Will you come to bed at last? My wrist is sore.

Galilei. I'll first caress my lenses.

Marina. I have a lover: some people call it my right hand.

Exeunt Galilei and Marina on opposite sides

Act 1. Scene 5. The tower of St.
Mark in Venice. 1609

Enter the doge of Venice and
Father Sarpi

Doge. Will the Tuscan inventor come?

Sarpi. Yes, truly. I think his gondola's delayed at this busy time.

Doge. You promised me a wonder.

Sarpi. It surpasses any invention I have seen.

Doge. Is he not late?

Sarpi. I'm rarely angry when kept waiting, because I have in myself the best companion in the world.

Doge. I have in my company both you and myself, and yet I lack entertainment.

Sarpi. I hear hurried steps.

Enter Galilei

Galilei. Great doge of Venice, I present to you on this day of 1609, when humanity first began to see, our improved spyglass. Gaze only for an instant at what

should enlarge sight and fortune and be astonished forever. My glass makes objects appear eight times nearer, so that, as any schoolchild can but agree and applaud, there's no doubt that the Tuscan has outhollanded the Dutch.

Doge. This we'll discover with our own eyes.

Sarpi. Do.

Doge. Set up the instrument before that window.

Galilei. Help me, Paolo.

Sarpi. Gladly.

Galilei. Look into our Lyncean glass and see anew.

Doge. Ha! I discover in this miraculous glass St Justine's tower in Padua.

Sarpi. I see the devout at Murano enter the church of San Giacomo.

Doge. Tiny figures board gondolas at Collona.

Sarpi. Are these toys, or galleys on the Adriatic?

Doge. I'm entirely composed of amazement.

Galilei. Yours, my lord.

Doge. This may do much in our wars against the Turk.

Sarpi. Their widows should already be weeping.

Doge. Galileo's tube will be our cannon.

Galilei. My only ambition is to serve.

Doge. Who said Pythagorians cannot contribute to the good of the state?

Sarpi. None but old laborers in the dull muck of Aristotle's excogitations.

Doge. Paolo, request that Priuli, our procurator and governor at the Paduan University, augment our peerless astronomer's yearly salary to 1,000 gold florins and appoint his post for the rest of his life.

Sarpi. Done.

Exit the doge

Galilei. I received a kind letter from my former pupil, the Tuscan grand duke. He also offers me a yearly stipend of 1,000 gold florins, without responsibilities of teaching.

Sarpi. Will you abandon where you already win?

Galilei. Who would be an academic when he can sway dukes and kings?

Exeunt Galilei and Father Sarpi

Act 1. Scene 6. Galilei's house in
Padua. 1610

Enter Marina and Cesi, above

Marina. Indeed, I rarely sleep in his house.

Cesi. I'll steal the rest of your night in bed, where we'll do together what no one can do alone.

Marina. I most enjoy what only men can give.

Cesi. The dead would forego paradise awhile, only to gaze on your body.

Marina. Unlike their heaven, mine is visible.

Cesi. I smell on your breasts unchastity: let me embrace them till I faint in rapture.

Marina. When kisses so sweetly trip downward to my bosom, the tips swell to a great fullness. Ah, I'm wet with fire. You make me see the moon and stars without a glass.

Cesi. While Galileo studies heaven's Venus, I study his.

Marina. Love is a staircase of voluptuousness, where to descend is to rise. There's pleasure in looking, but then looking's insipid; there's pleasure in touching, but then touching's insipid; there's pleasure in kissing, but then kissing's insipid: thus we go down to the last degrees of ecstasy hidden in mysteries only lovers know of.

Cesi. I swell very amorously: this is no sickly inflammation, dear heart, but yet, because of that fever, I must take to your bed, leaving it all the lighter after a few shots of love.

Marina. Hmmm! In my mouth, you do with your tongue what Homer did with speaking.

Marina and Cesi draw the curtain;
enter Galilei and Father Sarpi
below

Galilei. New observations confirm
the views of our modern
Aristarchus.

Sarpi. Prudent scholars will one
day bemoan their incredulity to a
desperation.

Galilei. In my glass, the moon's
accidents are like the earth's, full
of prominences and crevices.
Heaven's chastity is violated. The
sight of that excites.

Sarpi. In your glass, heaven's
breast spills out a milky way of
multitudinous stars and the
Pleiades have not six but forty
sisters, chased by Orion, whose
belt and sword carry eighty more
gems than before.

Galilei. Note well the strange
arrangement of Jupiter's orbs. I
recently observed three to the
west and one to the east. On the
following night, all four lay
westward.

Sarpi. They move.

Galilei. Stars of Jupiter are
revealed as moons.

Sarpi. Confusion is transformed
into amazement.

Galilei. Moons that darken
Ptolemy forever.

Sarpi. But, as for Venus, I do not
understand what I see.

Galilei. Venus imitates the wiles of
Cynthia.

Sarpi. What do her phases
portend?

Galilei. The planet appears
brighter when the earth lies on
the opposite side of the sun and
darker when she is on the same
side.

Sarpi. Then, as Father Castelli
predicted, Venus seduces Apollo.

Galilei. Turning, like other
wanderers, around her prince.
The earth is subject to a dual
rotation, one to separate days, the
second years.

Sarpi. I observe that the size of
Mars appears smaller when earth
is on the same side of the sun and
larger on the opposite side.

Galilei. Copernicus is our prophet.

Sarpi. Saturn was seen as three
bodies, but now only one remains.

Galilei. Has Saturn devoured his
children?

Sarpi. We must learn farther and
deeper.

Galilei. In my pamphlet entitled
"Messenger of the stars",
observations are for the first time
disclosed as likely proof. The
heavens shine on my work their
glory and humankind's.

Sarpi. Your observations are
verifiable. Any child holding a
tube that brings objects twenty
times closer can see your moon,
your Jupiter.

Galilei. There lies the power of my
method.

Sarpi. Your glass is the jewel of
the searching mind.

Galilei. Know, Sarpi, that I'm appointed mathematician and philosopher at the ducal court of Florence. There I'll go.

Sarpi. I'm sorry for that. To Tuscany! Where can one live with greater freedom than in Venice? A friend is more difficult to find than Jove's moons. Can your glass spy into men's minds?

Exit Galilei and enter Marina

Marina. What, is he gone?

Sarpi. Away from the sorry sight of a flushed mistress with disordered dress.

Marina. Ha! My blushes illuminate his shame, not mine. I would be Diana, were he Endymion.

Sarpi. Galileo's chaste moon is in the sky.

Exeunt Father Sarpi and Marina

Act 2. Scene 1. Galilei's house in
Florence. 1611

Enter Galilei and Stelluti

Stelluti. Benedetto Castelli's contributions to your analyses of sunspots will make him forever.

Galilei. He says that, since the start of our collaboration, his mother's birth-pains are at last justified.

Stelluti. You are the father of his state of man.

Galilei. My own thoughts father me.

Stelluti. The first man of science is the first man.

Galilei. Although critics cavil and gibber at our confidence, we'll prove this to be true.

Stelluti. Columbus discovered a land where men stab and shoot each other to death, but Galileo's harms none: who is greater?

Galilei. A country less hurtful and of a wider scope.

Stelluti. Yield, Vespucci, our Galileo has won: your America floats on water and blood, his in heaven.

Enter Ciampoli

Galilei. Greet with sudden and loud acclamations our new-found friend and sun-like student, Giovanni Ciampoli, diffusing rays of science to priests of little faith.

Ciampoli. You are expected in Rome with more than female fervor. Our friends are impatient to hear mighty demonstrations. Against an army of false opinions, Galileo needs only to appear before conquering. We have eloquently spoken of you to informed prelates, so that you need not fear stepfatherly embraces, which first caress and then crush.

Galilei. Know, Ciampoli, that I'm sorely afflicted with pains in the joints, which often torment me in

sudden changes of weather. But fame bids me to go to Rome and meet the pope. A man of science deserves no less than to be blessed by greatness.

Ciampoli. Your fame is already pregnant, so that, after your presentations, we expect deliverines of a brood of Galileos.

Galilei. Impossible!

Ciampoli. Will you come? You will not fail?

Galilei. Ciampoli, in this business, I'll be to you as constant as the isochronic motions of my pendulum.

Stelluti. And yet, despite absolute evidence of truth, detractors seek to clean your moon with rags, put a shirt on Venus, and puff away Jupiter's satellites out of the sky. Your discoveries were noisily denied by Guilio Libri, our deceased Pisan philosopher.

Galilei. With a little luck, Libri will see Jupiter's moons on his way to heaven.

Exeunt Galilei, Stelluti, and Ciampoli

Act 2. Scene 2. Bellarmino's
palace in Rome. 1611

Enter Cardinal Bellarmino and Aurelio

Aurelio. By my faith, your eminence, I deflect from your body enemy bodkins as safely as

your divine thoughts guide my earthly ones.

Bellarmino. Who can deny religious truths without lying? Is not an atheist's happiness unconscious despair? Yet, despite good intentions, Aurelio, I find you poorly instructed in most of our creeds and doctrines.

Aurelio. For many years, my main occupation was to stab to death Turkish and Protestant infidels, so that I remember very little of our common sources of veneration, as revealed in child-like dreams and instructions.

Bellarmino. Let us review, then, some basic principles of our catechism.

Aurelio. Willingly.

Bellarmino. What is God's highest purpose towards us?

Aurelio. To prove that he exists, which by reason can never be attained.

Bellarmino. What is the goal of private revelation?

Aurelio. To think clearly when our neighbor fails to.

Bellarmino. What is the nature of the apostolic tradition?

Aurelio. To maintain tradition by traducing others.

Bellarmino. On whom are conferred the keys of faith?

Aurelio. On those who hold them.

Bellarmino. What is the relation between the old and new testament?

Aurelio. Vanquished Jews vanquishing the mind.

Bellarmino. What is the main characteristic of faith?

Aurelio. Not to think.

Bellarmino. How does God reveal himself to us as the all-loving?

Aurelio. When we are allowed to punish those who hate us.

Bellarmino. Can the holy trinity be understood with reasoning?

Aurelio. It can, when reasoning is like a traitor delivered to prison.

Bellarmino. How do men and women collaborate with divine providence?

Aurelio. By keeping silent.

Bellarmino. If God be all-loving, why does evil exist?

Aurelio. Because human will is the origin of evil and because the all-loving is our originator, then he's without question the all-loving.

Bellarmino. These answers are erroneous or insufficient, Aurelio. When you think of God, what image emerges?

Aurelio. Divine symmetry.

Bellarmino. Reveal and elaborate.

Aurelio. I cheerfully assume that the all-seeing sees me and himself. I, his creature, see myself, but not him. May we not then conjecture that when looking at himself, the all-seeing says: "I see no one"?

Bellarmino. I discover alarming inferences in your modes of thought, Aurelio.- I'll write down your continuous mistakes for the edification of parish priests who

find nothing to preach about at sermon-time.

Aurelio. Inspired monks reveal that, in view of the increase in the world's laughter and indifference to sins, hell is now overpopulated; therefore, we must release Judas from his tree, Mohammed from his pig, and Copernicus from his epicycles.

Bellarmino. They make sport of your ignorance.

Aurelio. Your eminence, I have discovered a nest of atheists in the papal court, horrible, malevolent, double-faced, of violent stamp and language, whose secret tongues conspire to overthrow all forms of religion, whispering to the credulous that the god-head is a mere image and that we should more profitably worship dead stone than keep his commandments.

Bellarmino. Ha, who?

Aurelio. I have forgotten their names, but one of them pissed on your crucifix in this fashion.

Bellarmino. (wiping it with his hand

Ha, are you mad? You are hurting Jesus.

Aurelio. Is this no blasphemy, my lord? I shudder and my shudders shudder.

Bellarmino. You mean "blasphemy". Go. We'll examine these enormities later. Go away.

Exit Aurelio and enter Father Clavius

You arrive at a good time, Clavius. As chief astronomer of the celebrated college of Rome, I request your opinion on Galileo's five propositions.

Clavius. I have with grateful avidity searched the heavens for evidence for or against them.

Bellarmino. That the milky way's breasts are heavy with stars, that Saturn is a tricorporeal tyrant, that the chaste moon has a rough and filthy robe, that inconstant Venus, like the moon, changes shape, and that Jupiter is wooed by four damsels.

Clavius. The last three propositions my lenses attest. However, I'm uncertain whether, as he avers, the moon bears mountains.

Bellarmino. Being entirely mindful of the interests and of the orthodoxy of the church, I consider your word as sufficient for our purposes.

Clavius. His rich visions add to the world's treasures.

Bellarmino. What are the world's riches but illusions? Our joy is sorrow; our youth, decrepitude; our health, disease; our freedom, prison; our wisdom, sottishness; our honor, drunken foolery. Religion is our treasure-house, and yet we consign the locks and

keys to two demented porters: will and reason.

Clavius. Science is enamored of that part of the world which religion hates: the verifiable.

Bellarmino. I'm troubled and perplexed.

Clavius. Why?

Bellarmino. When the earth moves, I feel giddy and my own thoughts seem to mock me.

Clavius. In our calendar of saints, we find no Ptolemy.

Bellarmino. That's why Copernicus' book will not be condemned.

Enter Galilei

Clavius. Galileo Galilei, on behalf of our college, I thank you for the shipment of your telescope. With that instrument, we have verified and confirmed the existence of your moons and many other phenomena you have so ably described.

Galilei. Father Clavius, this one word rejoices the root of my existence. Rome's college is the sun on the budding plant of astronomy, which I have watered with the sweat and tears of continuous labors.

Clavius. Cardinal Bellarmino joins with me in congratulating you for these wondrous discoveries.

Bellarmino. New learning is revived in Italy, which gladdens all persons of intellect.

Clavius. Euclid is your father- no, we should rather say that he's your son, so far does the sun of your demonstrations illuminate future and past.

Bellarmino. Except religion.

Galilei. Our science is the source of verifiable knowledge; the rest is faith, unverifiable.

Bellarmino. But vouched for by our authority.

Galilei. My exalted mind touches the stars.

Clavius. Let not your spirit overskip the mark. You tear down Ptolemy, but have not yet built up Copernicus.

Galilei. Consider Galileo as a weak and puny-minded architect, should he design an unsteady house for the heavens; his will honor the seat of God and amaze the world.

Clavius. Let us observe the stars together.

Exeunt Galilei, Cardinal
Bellarmino, and Father Clavius

Act 2. Scene 3. Galilei's house in
Florence. 1614

Enter Fathers Castelli and Scheiner

Castelli. His discourse on solid objects in water have been praised above praise.

Scheiner. I heard the loud applauses, Father Castelli.

Castelli. The treatise of our new Archimedes offers convincing proof that objects float or sink according to their density and not their shape.

Scheiner. His demonstrations on that subject are accurate.

Castelli. I have with some ability assisted his description of sunspots.

Scheiner. No doubt.

Castelli. More than even this, my brain's coach carries him to future revelations. See how the sun's image projected through the spyglass on sheets of paper favors lengthier scrutinies of that body.

Scheiner. The judicious design protects his eyes.

Castelli. To which the world owes much of its intelligence.

Scheiner. True, sir.

Castelli. His "Letters on sunspots", published by the Lyncean Academy, were received with grateful pleasure by Lord Maffeo Cardinal Barberini.

Scheiner. I heard that.

Enter Galilei

Galilei. Father Scheiner is welcome to our work-place.

Scheiner. Thanks to Tuscany's and the world's astronomer.

Galilei. You come to speak of sunspots?

Castelli. I was saying that Galileo is properly aided in his universal travels and adventures by his

mind's boatswain, who, thanks to your generous word, has now received the captainship of your previous position as professor of mathematics at Padua, for which it will be my obligation throughout my lifetime to thank you.

Galilei. Entirely deserved.

Castelli. Your spots bestow to the world a new light.

Galilei. Castelli is our circumpolar star, whose light never dips below the horizon of credibility.

Castelli. How may any pupil of yours be otherwise than blessed with inspired wonders?

Galilei. Your generosity is too voluble.

Castelli. I'm your moon, whose light you, our sun, have no need of.

Galilei. Say instead I'm the earth that receives your reflected light.

Castelli. Only true if Galileo be both sun and earth.

Galilei. Your asseverations become you and are always informed with sound interpretations.

Castelli. I'm the paper you write on.

Galilei. Say instead you are my ink, without which my plate cannot be read.

Scheiner. I lie strangled in your knot of flowers. You have observed sunspots, they say. So have I, and before you did.

Galilei. I have printed a book which says otherwise.

Scheiner. Then it is a book of lies.

Galilei. An opinion which stakes and fires will fail to make me confess.

Scheiner. I have delivered to the world an interpretation of sunspots, applauded and admired by men of science as a royal infant.

Galilei. Your boy's a bastard. As to interpretations, Castelli and I have delved deeper.

Scheiner. The sunspots, I affirm, are planets, or novel celestial bodies, moving around the sun.

Galilei. Nature does not accomodate herself to your view. I assert with assurance that the spots belong to the sun and turn with it.

Scheiner. How has your far-noting eye arrived at this conclusion?

Galilei. By accurate observations.

Scheiner. Do I speak to the sun's legislator?

Galilei. Should you observe as precisely as we do, you'll no doubt discover after us how the spots move faster in the center than in the periphery of the sun.

Scheiner. I have taken no note of that.

Galilei. If verified, what is the most likely explanation of this phenomenon?

Scheiner. I cannot tell.

Galilei. I hypothesize that, due to the effect of foreshortening, spots only appear to move more slowly in the periphery.

Scheiner. This may be true.

Galilei. After brief persusals of my text, you'll no doubt concur with Castelli that my meditations on this theme are the funeral and last judgment of yours.

Scheiner. Is that so, sir?

Galilei. It is so, sir, because your explanations usually originate from the north, where the sun of understanding never goes. Moreover, your thoughts give birth to chimeras, little understood by you and incomprehensible to others.

Scheiner. Some have called me science's Mercury, always nearest the sun of truth.

Galilei. Mercury retrogrades three times every year, but your science three times each minute. Another difference is that when planets retrogress they brighten, whereas yours grow dimmer.

Scheiner. I have seen a world in my eyeglass.

Galilei. The world you see is made of paper.

Scheiner. The informed discover in my books many difficult truths, some of which become uncontested authority.

Galilei. We discover truth more often as a discreet maiden simpering in her bower than as a bargeman shouting orders.

Scheiner. You have spoken, sir.

Galilei. If you painfully study our conclusions, you may recognize at last your constant errors.

Scheiner. Ha, I read here- perhaps- I seem to see- there may be truths in what you write- this point's not bad- I fear my glory is eclipsed.

Galilei. Not at all, eclipses come and go, whereas your darkness stays with us.

Scheiner. Are there no gods of vengeance for refuted men of science? no honorable grave for theories and surmises that have received their deserved poniard?

Exit Father Scheiner

Castelli. You needlessly offend the Jesuit father.

Galilei. Permit me to laugh alone, and not insult anyone.

Exit Galilei, enter Cesi, Aurelio, Stelluti, and Father Caccini

Stelluti. Scheiner is a sunspot without the sun.

Cesi. Are you amazed at his anger? Not I. A man of science protects his theories more jealously than his wife's vagina.

Stelluti. Father Caccini, we hear, is also aggrieved to hear of Galileo's success.

Caccini. No, rather at his indifference towards moral values. Hear me break out tomorrow with great vehemence against him.

Stelluti. You must not do so.

Castelli. By no means.

Cesi. Galileo's demonstrations are as rich as the world he describes.

Caccini. But poorer than the next. Heed my sermon at the New Church of Saint Mary: there I'll crack, there I'll thunder.

Exit Father Caccini

Cesi. I'll attend mass for once.

Stelluti. A mass is too heavy for my mind.

Castelli. I'll join Cesi with ear-plugs, lest my spleen split in laughter at Caccini's holy fizzles.

Exeunt Cesi and Father Castelli

Stelluti. Priests would like to prevent the earth from turning.

Aurelio. Caccini's sole interest is to breed Caccinis. A friar is a blowfly, that lays eggs on the dead flesh of his religion.

Stelluti. He's a physician who hurts more than the disease.

Aurelio. Or one who strives to preserve a life that does not exist.

Stelluti. Galileo's theories impose a limit to God's hand, which religious minds detest.

Aurelio. God is the decoration on their follies.

Stelluti. Do not make him angry; avoid his church. To vent your ire, speak to me as if I were the Dominican fire-cracker, whose end is noise, smoke, stink, and darkness.

Aurelio. There's no god but accident; miracles are inventions; Christ is a savior only to those who receive benefices for not working.

Stelluti. We must not tease the sleeping dog.

Aurelio. I'm the dog that hounds these dogs of god.

Exeunt Stelluti and Aurelio

Act 2. Scene 4. The church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence.

1614

Enter Father Caccini, Cesi, and Father Castelli, and the faithful; Caccini ascends the pulpit

Caccini. O Galileists, why do you gaze at the heavens? You speak of the All-Powerful with slighting terms. In discussions of nature, you assign to sacred texts the last and lowest place. Will you suck on conceited surmises and embrace errors like your whores? You clasp subversive triangles; your equations are copulations that infect. As watchdog of the faith, I declare your opinions lead to grievous heresy and blasphemy. Where is the verity in science? Is it not a fantastic and fanatical obfuscation? Permit me to disclose to your meditations three degrees of waywardness commonly seen in your studies: curiosity, fame, and profit:

curiosity, because you seek extravagant vanities; fame, because you hope for princely favors rather than wisdom; profit, because you pray for gold and not for redemption. The truths of science are lies. You will not find your way to heaven with telescopes.- I no longer possess myself. These salutary recommendations have put me into such a blind sweat that I'm unable for the moment to continue my homely. Stay, dear faithful, until my return and recovery.

Exit Father Caccini

Cesi. Caccini's sermons are loadstones to trouble and dissension.

Castelli. The vengeful cleric has stolen St Peter's keys and thinks no one can enter paradise without his permission.

Cesi. Will black-robed Dominican darkness relent if we explain our ideals?

Castelli. What's in fire except fire? He prays for promotions on earth more earnestly than the one to be gained in heaven.

Cesi. To please authority, envy fearfully rejoices in truth's oppression.

Enter Galilei

Castelli. Caccini accuses you.

Galilei. Is it not wondrous how the welfare of the world depends on the welfare of his religious order?

Cesi. Scheiner pronounces against you.

Galilei. Is it not marvellous how the welfare of the world depends on the welfare of his college?

Cesi. In Caccini and Scheiner, we see strange copulations of dog and cat.

Castelli. Some affirm that your glass, far from revealing truths, is the mirror of hallucinations.

Galilei. What do you call people, who, full of pride, turn away from our glass of evidence, or, seeing, do not understand what they see?

Cesi. Their chimney is blocked and they call the smoke light.

Galilei. Ignorance grows with the advance of science.

Cesi. May we not subdue nature to the advantage of humankind?

Castelli. Our citizens despise science, but not the profit that derives from it.

Galilei. The eye always finds the hand that pays.

Cesi. What do you hold there?

Galilei. A modest gift in gratitude of your pains on my behalf. Our new slide-ruler can calculate with fingers. Whoever masters speed of numbers masters time and space.

Cesi. I thank you. Galileo invents inventions, no one before him knowing any. Tonight, at our banquet, as the newest member of our Lyncean Academy, expect to

be feasted with praises as rich as our food.

Galilei. Thanks to your many kindnesses.

Exit Galilei

Castelli. How can we foil Caccini?

Cesi. Convince any cardinal of your acquaintance that the end of our pursuits improve humankind's.

Castelli. I have to the dowager grand duchess Cristina revealed Galileo's letter, demonstrating for all times how vainly the religious fear and hate our advances.

Cesi. We'll make Caccini's folly an eternal example to his dark order, to the brighter glory of our discoveries.

Exeunt Cesi and Father Castelli

Act 2. Scene 5. The villa of the grand duke in Florence. 1615

Enter the dowager grand duchess Cristina and Galilei

Cristina. I request you to interpret new findings of astronomy in the light of our beloved scriptures.

Galilei. Readily done, your serene grace.

Cristina. Is there no contradiction between the two?

Galilei. Not at all.

Cristina. Proceed with confidence.

Galilei. When Joshua saw the sun stop, he saw the sun stop. The divine author expresses himself as we do.

Cristina. Can David's bridegroom leave his bed-chamber and yet stay there?

Galilei. To our eyes it appears so, and therefore to our eyes that statement is true.

Cristina. Can Solomon's runner hasten to where he arose if he did not arise? Can Habakkuk wonder that the traveller stays in his house if he always stay?

Galilei. The sun indeed rises above the horizon, and therefore these sentences are as true as the others.

Cristina. And yet your opponents declare that your bible lies.

Galilei. My enemies' dissent against reason is like a physician who attempts to cure a gangrened toe by removing the foot. We have entirely seen errors in cosmography and have entirely removed them.

Cristina. They say you see what is not.

Galilei. Let us be wary that the inordinate love of our opinions does not cause us to hate truth once it is revealed.

Cristina. In your letter to Father Castelli, copernicism is preached as a religion.

Galilei. Not so. The works of Copernicus belong to no doctrine, because they are observable in

nature. That letter was seized by the Dominican squib, Caccini, who hurries with his news to the Roman Inquisition. But, as I hear, his fireworks are rained on by the beneficial influence of Cesi, Castelli, and those cardinals they have befriended.

Cristina. Father Luigi Maraffi, preacher-general of the Dominicans, expresses regret, opines that Father Caccini is ignorance mixed with madness, and henceforth, to prevent further attacks on venerable persons, will more securely muzzle his hounds. Nevertheless, our Tuscan ambassador hears that many Dominican and Jesuit fathers are violently against you, and therefore beseeches you not to go to Rome for any reason. Since the start of our Protestant wars, it is unwise to argue on behalf of moonbeams. Moreover, Galileo cannot play the theologian without much damage to his beard.

Galilei. I'll play the man I am.

Cristina. Beware that far from exciting the world's admiration, you become instead its dupe. For preaching gospels of hate, the world does not lack St Pauls.

Galilei. Our mathematics arm us for peaceful wars.

Cristina. Who gains by confrontation? Is it a matter of the power of the church against the power of Galileo? Galileo lacks

any puissance. Where are his soldiers and attendants, his executioners and Swiss guards?

Galilei. My enemies are no friends to the church, and my friends no enemies to the church.

Cristina. You speak of those who approve of you as if they were worthy of appearing in your century.

Galilei. Knowledge is not advanced by keeping secrets.

Cristina. You want your name to be daily in people's mouth, like food.

Galilei. Neglected lies are revered as if they were truths.

Cristina. Love of fame moves you, as others love of community.

Galilei. In Rome, men think as I do, and therefore will speak as I do.

Cristina. For statues and bird excrement, men strive and struggle.

Galilei. Reason is our secure guide against whirlwinds.

Cristina. Whoever sleeps in tempests must, to avoid being cleft, stay indoors.

Exeunt the dowager grand duchess
Cristina and Galilei

Act 3. Scene 1. Bellarmino's
palace in Rome. 1616

Enter Cardinal Bellarmino and
Father Caccini

Caccini. He presumes, as if he held a compass of the world, to draw its shape according to his pleasure.

Bellarmino. Is he not intimate with Venice, that unfenced breeding ground of rebellion?

Caccini. A friend of Paolo Sarpi, that dangerous contemner, and in collusion with Lynxes, good Christians, but irreverent.

Bellarmino. Tradition is blightly overturned by them.

Caccini. Atheists disguised as men of science, I fear.

Bellarmino. His holiness the pope hates his type of mind; he cannot hear of paradoxes and physiomathematical sophistries.

Caccini. Galileo is in a passion, as if the sun's business were his own.

Bellarmino. I find nothing in his writings that can serve to increase our authority. Observation and experiment do not reveal truth. If he has explained nature, he has not explained the nature of nature.

Caccini. His inspiration is a creeping viper that bites sound doctrine in the heel.

Bellarmino. Nature, as he defines it, lacks any type of mind at all. Pythagorians reduce every concept to triangles and imaginary shapes no one ever saw, with no plan, no striving for the number behind numbers. The mechanist explains how, but

where is our vitalist to explain why?

Caccini. He's the sun's lawyer, not humanity's.

Bellarmino. Does Galileo's conversion away from the church diminish with time?

Caccini. Do the fires of hell cool down?— More of this matter tonight.

Exit Father Caccini and enter Maffeo Cardinal Barberini

Bellarmino. I clasp with eager thankfulness the lord cardinal of Bologna.

M Barberini. Bellarmino is a welcome sight to religion wherever he goes.

Bellarmino. We have consulted Dominicans, a Jesuit, and an Irish brother, who unanimously denounce Galileo's notions as heretical.

M Barberini. I'm sorry to hear that. But let it be.

Bellarmino. Men of science will cogitate.

M Barberini. Drunk with their own sapience.

Bellarmino. Little ants have views over molehills.

M Barberini. We'll examine further these points.

Exit Maffeo Cardinal Barberini and enter Father Ciampoli

Bellarmino. Has the Tuscan astronomer arrived?

Ciampoli. He has, your eminence. Galileo declares more boldly since the printing of Father Paolo Foscarini's book, which approves with reverence the Copernican view. Galileo wishes this system to be accepted as fact.

Bellarmino. That offending Carmelite's book will be prohibited, but not Copernicus', as the former quarrels with holy scriptures and the latter merely with figures.

Ciampoli. Why should any be reproved? Epicycles are not a matter for faith and morality.

Bellarmino. As you know, Father Ciampoli, since the council of Trent, we are forbidden from expounding the scriptures contrary to the opinions of the holy fathers and of their Greek and Latin commentators.

Ciampoli. Galileo comments on moons, not on sacred texts.

Bellarmino. Augustine meant us to go to heaven, not study it.

Ciampoli. Galileo's sun resolves without dazzling.

Bellarmino. His sun is not Joshua's, which stopped to rejoice at the advancement of religion.

Ciampoli. Joshua is not our instructor in astronomy.

Bellarmino. In protesting times, we proceed with care and patience.

Ciampoli. Also with prudence.

Bellarmino. With prudent patience, Ciampoli.

Exit Father Ciampoli and enter Galilei

We continue to hear much good of your studies, Galileo.

Galilei. Ever grateful for these attentions, your eminence.

Bellarmino. Nevertheless, our council judges that the Copernican view is erroneous.

Galilei. How, erroneous! A shaggy Irish priest pronounces against our system?

Bellarmino. A decree will soon be promulgated by the Congregation of the Index. The view of the sun as the center of the planetary system and immobile and of the dual motion of the earth cannot be held, defended, or taught. Copernicus' "Revolutions of the celestial orbs" will be suspended for corrections, perhaps only in its theologic parts.

Galilei. Your eminence, I urge you to revoke this edict as a serious obstacle to the free exchange of thought.

Bellarmino. Our edict's as steady as your sun.

Galilei. Is it a heresy to declare that the earth moves?

Bellarmino. Not heretical, but hypothetical.

Galilei. Every truth in science is no more than probable.

Bellarmino. Then where is your difficulty?

Galilei. New truths cannot be read in a dark room.

Bellarmino. Change is an evil unless proven to be good.

Galilei. I always considered change good unless proven to be evil.

Bellarmino. Change must answer to the good of all.

Galilei. How may this goodness be defined?

Bellarmino. Our authority is sufficient. Whether the earth revolves is not a matter of faith, except in regard to the person who speaks. In this matter, I represent the church, and because I represent the church what I say is true and what you say is false.

Galilei. This decision may greatly harm the church, if our hypothesis be later proven to be true.

Bellarmino. We live in a bullock cart on our way to a glorious slaughter. If what you say be true, we drop in the night on muddy ground with no track to guide us the right way forward or backward.

Enter Aurelio

Aurelio. Your eminence, here's a note addressed to you from Cardinal Lodi.

Bellarmino. I thank you.- No answer.

Exit Aurelio

This letter from our commissary general avers with strange confidence that the view whereby the sun is the center of the planetary system and immobile and the earth subject to a two-fold motion must be relinquished and cannot be held, defended, taught, or even discussed.

Galilei. O, hard fate!

Bellarmino. We discard it. Our edict against Copernicus shuts the door on biblical novelties, not free explorations of the mind. As a man, I do not understand your revolutions, but as a man of the church, I declare them to be false and forbid them.

Galilei. I thank your instructions in this regard.

Bellarmino. Speak hypothetically, not absolutely, as I understand Copernicus spoke.

Galilei. I request a letter from your eminence, stipulating that I was in no fashion reprimanded or compelled to abjure and that the decree goes no further than to deny Copernicus as absolute truth.

Bellarmino. Granted.

Exit Cardinal Bellarmino and re-enter Maffeo Cardinal Barberini

Galilei. I must bemoan my disaster.

M Barberini. What catastrophe alters Galileo's florid countenance? Are you not free to work? No book of yours I know of is banned.

Galilei. There's no greater hatred than that of ignorance against knowledge.

M Barberini. Do you defy us because earthly rocks move? Belief is our rock and that rock does not move.

Galilei. I'm done with defying, my lord cardinal. Yet why are we gifted with sense and logic if they cannot be used?

M Barberini. Your science lacks any moral goal and shows no way to enhance our power.

Galilei. I no longer meddle with authority, but search for truth.

M Barberini. Experimental investigations are in no manner truths. Science discovers nothing in the world as we know it, but rather invents its own visions and rules.

Galilei. Have I not demonstrated how objects move?

M Barberini. Your hypotheses are correct but untrue. The eye's precision is a matter for reason, but truth is a matter for faith.

Galilei. Why should we begin with the words and not with the works of God?

M Barberini. Reason provides comfort and security, material advantages merely, but on truth, our domain, every man's and

every woman's happiness depends.

Galilei. Because we verify with experience, our laws are objective.

M Barberini. Because your findings depend on reason, their very nature is subjective. The rationalist meditates in a cage of his own making, exploited in venal servitude by any merchant or politician who throws money in it. The liberated mind communes with spirit and with the world's intelligence, but mathematic materialism only with itself.

Enter Simplicio

Here comes a scrivener, but in actual terms the official fool of the papal court.

Simplicio. I attend my lord cardinal's pleasure.

M Barberini. Examine with the mathematician logical deductions, Simplicio, for the wise man is unhappy.

Simplicio. Then he's a fool.

Galilei. How!

Simplicio. Is not a wise man by definition happy?

Galilei. He is.

Simplicio. Is a wise man a fool?

Galilei. No.

Simplicio. Are you a fool?

Galilei. No.

Simplicio. Is your life a happy one?

Galilei. No.

Simplicio. Then I conclude that a wise man is a fool.

Galilei. Answer the wise man now. Is a fool happy?

Simplicio. No.

Galilei. Is a fool wise?

Simplicio. No.

Galilei. Then a wise man is happy.

Simplicio. I submit to your sage tribune a question of greater practical importance. I find it odd that when I lie over my wife in bed at night and thrust my belly forward and backward in this way, she takes pleasure in it. What is science's explanation for this?

Galilei. I conclude that, on hot nights, the wind from your motions cools her off.

Simplicio. And yet her face reddens.

Galilei. Because, like two sticks rubbed together, fire is engendered between you.

M Barberini. Galileo, your cogitations are worthy of a fool's.

Exit Maffeo Cardinal Barberini

Galilei. Exquisite sot, come to my house for supper.

Simplicio. The sum of all philosophy is to obtain something without paying for it. I like a long meal better than a long life. World, give to fools a round belly and let others pant after ambition.

Exeunt Galilei and Simplicio

Act 3. Scene 2. Galilei's house in Bellosguardo. 1619

Enter Father Castelli and Sister Arcangela

Arcangela. Farewell to our tranquil garden, with its lentils, beans, chickpeas, olives, and wheat.

Castelli. You go where sisters of Carmel will whisper you on the best way.

Arcangela. Nuns know no way and even their silence is noisy.

Castelli. Ha, impatient?

Arcangela. Irremediably.

Castelli. There you must be reconciled to pain with your sister. Pain is a recompense to the beautiful sufferers.

Arcangela. I'm sent to a convent to know God before ever knowing man.

Castelli. As a Carmelite nun, the subject of your meditations is the highest we attain.

Arcangela. Because I cannot piss on a wall, I'm permitted to know only what is invisible.

Castelli. In a convent, hidden mysteries become apparent.

Arcangela. In the old testament, I read that women open their womb more often than their mouth.

Castelli. In a convent, both are still all day.

Arcangela. In the new testament, women are open for childbirth half the time and closed the other.

Castelli. In a convent, you are shut away forever.

Arcangela. O, that will be difficult, father- no, impossible.

Castelli. Ha, do you say so already?

Arcangela. My desires are not put off with my apparel.

Castelli. Bathe your lusts in the coolness of prayers.

Arcangela. When I think of men's bodies, I boil my bath-water.

Castelli. Prayer is the Lethe of unruly appetites.

Arcangela. Is prayer the absence of thinking, then?

Castelli. Go where the man in men is entirely forgotten.

Arcangela. I chafe at it, like a mare kicking against her post of restraint. See from the window that peasant plowing in the adjoining field. I yearn to be his field. I never knew filth so lovely. A man knows how to be loved even in mud and bushes.

Castelli. Bad and worse in a single breath.

Arcangela. When I look at him, my garment swells.

Castelli. Worse still.

Arcangela. This morning I touched his shoulder, then his middle part, and it would have been a sin not to reach lower. He doubled our pleasures: front and back he was a man, and front and back I was a woman. Our loves kissed at both ends.

Castelli. Are these the thoughts that should accompany a nun to her cell?

Arcangela. O, my best hour! His desires were a cataract, renewed by my heaving bosom and yet flowing faster than mine. Whoosh! Whoosh! With a woman's heat, he played the entire man; there was no end to the stream.

Castelli. I pity your violent pleasures, for you'll languish in solitude all the more.

Arcangela. That's my fear.

Castelli. Your confessor may yet soothe this testiness with instructions and consolations we adore.

Arcangela. O, it is Venus I adore.

O, Venus, press, swell, and dilate
To utmost fullness my desires and wants;

Let blood fill up with Aetna
cherry-stones

Of flesh in large erections. Feed
my lust

With what increases appetite.

O, may the matrix seethe and
overflow;

May I lie open evermore

To venerated venery;

May a man's phallus be my
breviary

And his strong thighs my prayer-
stool.

I like it deep and full.

Castelli. This evocation seems
derived of a fornicopia from hell.

Arcangela. Venus should sit on the
crucifix, for when we abandon her

worship, even our sins become tedious. What sacrament is holier than the joys of Priapus?

Castelli. You are far from ready to enter a convent, barely acceptable in a house. Yet, against such arguments, my only recourse is to sigh weakly and to wish you did not think as you do.

Enter Galilei

Galilei. Our servants wait for you. Will you go? Let me kiss you, daughter, in hope that this day will be to you the first of many blessings.

Arcangela. I go where I must.

Exit Sister Arcangela

Galilei. I have discovered that the Medecian moons mark a ship's longitude.

Castelli. Can some profit be gained from this discovery?

Galilei. From princes, I obtain rich promises, not money.

Castelli. Abandon worldly greatness.

Galilei. Should I abandon the use of money, too?

Castelli. Your two daughters' removal may somewhat relieve you.

Galilei. My only hope of relief is to read no more bad books.

Castelli. You are moved against Orazio Grassi's work on comets.

Galilei. Grassi's explanations are like his subject: a blur and a buzz. To counter him, my "Discourses on comets" were presented by Mario Guiducci, my former assistant and now counsel of the Florentine Academy.

Castelli. Grassi visits us today.

Galilei. With his brain, can he walk? If he can piss and defecate, he must have obtained an instruction-manual.

Castelli. Yesterday, I heard him speak with fellow Jesuits of what must be done to you; the mildest term they used was "annihilate".

Galilei. His disquisitions reveal a Grassi fat with ignorance.

Enter Father Grassi

Father Grassi is welcome to our work-place.

Grassi. Thanks to Tuscany's famous astronomer.

Galilei. You come to speak of comets?

Grassi. With pleasure.

Galilei. We do not agree on this subject.

Grassi. A-rumph, we do not.

Galilei. One of us errs.

Grassi. I agree that one of us is incorrect in his formulation on the nature of comets.

Galilei. One of us reasons badly.

Grassi. A-rumph, it seems so. On peril of being judged to be a gross light before the eyes of choicest

academies, I concur with you on this point.

Galilei. We are in complete agreement, then?

Grassi. Perfectly.

Galilei. Nature's book is written in the language of numbers, for only numbers provide certitude of knowledge.

Grassi. I believe my theories on comets are gold nuggets to best-thinking men of science.

Galilei. I'm the assayer who weighs gold nuggets on a precise balance and I find yours to be perfect excrement.

Grassi. A-rumph, I do not think so. I mean to say, that's not my present opinion, which may be incorrect.

Galilei. You send lions in the phalanx of our wars of intellect, and they, lacking meat, return to devour your own soldiers.

Castelli. Be calmer.

Grassi. Quite possible.

Galilei. To annul you, I'll say only this: your views are perpetual winter; the sun of your teachings rises farther in the south from due east than any man I know.

Grassi. Possible.

Galilei. Proportions baffle you: return to Euclid's "Elements", book 1, and search again the definition of "cipher".

Grassi. There I'll find Galileo.

Galilei. I thank Grassi for his pains to study us.

Grassi. I seem like a comet that has fizzed away. But comets come back, in terror and afflictions.

Exit Father Grassi

Castelli. Irretrievably whisked away into air like a vapor by Galileo's light.

Galilei. Even as he discovers truths, they are already obsolete.

Castelli. You offend Jesuits still.

Exeunt Galilei and Father Castelli

Act 3. Scene 3. Before the statue of Humanity in Rome. 1623

Enter Maffeo Barberini, Father Ciampoli, and Cesi, attended

M Barberini. As we gaze upward at humanity's image, I'm struck in wonder and awe at the task soon to be ours.

Cesi. We march to your coronation- may the day be holy to science and philosophy- with great prospects.

M Barberini. You hope for what is good.

Cesi. If supported in our aims, the faithful will no doubt cry out the advent of your papacy as the best and worthiest.

M Barberini. As Barberini we loved knowledge, why should we not as pope? We begin our reign and science's with wise

appointments. Giovanni Ciampoli remains as papal secretary.

Cesi. Renewed hope for Italy!

Ciampoli. And mine.

Enter Galilei and Father Castelli

Galilei. Learning is at last recalled from a long and desperate exile.

M Barberini. I believe no less, as will be proven with the wearisome and monumental labors I intend to undergo for humanity and Italy. Hear and applaud my second appointment: Benedetto Castelli is now chief mathematician of the papal court.

Cesi. We acclaim with joy even greater hopes for Italy.

Castelli. Thanks for your approbation and trust. We promise to erect in Rome an altar to geometry, so that her initiates may see before entire congregations that meditations on this subject are approved and adored.

Galilei. We gain all the more in confidence that Pope Urban VIII will one day be acknowledged as science's supreme pontiff.

M Barberini. We like that title.

Exeunt Maffeo Barberini and Fathers Ciampoli and Castelli, attended

Cesi. Urban VIII is our new pope: which lover of science is not lifted on the tiptoe of joyful moods?

Galilei. The works of our academy will be favored by such a pope.

Cesi. Yours, especially.

Galilei. The edict against astronomy may soon be revoked.

Cesi. We hope for no less than that.- Here comes our Lyncean friend, his holiness' nephew, Francesco Barberini, who, according to rumor's dark and secret whispers, has been promised at least a cardinal's robe.

Galilei. More cause for rejoicing.

Enter Francesco Barberini

F Barberini. This day of all days we have enjoyed in rich and fortunate lives should not only be the harbinger of glory and honor to our family but to our academy as well, for do not doubt that Barberinis know knowledge and will certainly regard, according to their abilities, noteworthy seekers after understanding, who in the twilight of very many dubious years have plowed on sand and fruitlessly dug in unknown caverns as rewards for their discoveries. Instruction should be as sun-rays reflected on our fountains, free to every thirsty Roman, but entire families choose instead to shut their door on her and drowsily dance in smoky rooms to a lazy lute. Toilers of nature's secrets, live at last; prepare to rejoice on seeing

ignorance groan and weep in darkness on her dead progeny.

Galilei. Then this day will be blessed indeed. We'll wear down the pavement with our knees in gratefulness to the new sun rising.

Cesi. A Lyncean and the pope's nephew! The doings of the world cohere as we wish.

F Barberini. Why have I undergone advanced studies if not to see studies advanced?

Galilei. I may go to the pope? I may plead with him to repeal the decree?

F Barberini. If you do not, I'll surely be very angry at you, and you know how dangerous it is when a cardinal of the Inquisition- for that's the hat I leap for- is incensed.

Galilei. Astronomy dons festive robes.

Cesi. Not the pope only but all the sciences receive a crown today.

Enter Aurelio

F Barberini. I have taken in my service Claudio Aurelio, who, for many years marked with fidelity and respect his office as Cardinal Bellarmine's close servant, highly recommended by him and by many other pious prelates.

Cesi. His looks show the promise of a growing man.

Aurelio. I do not flatter, and yet hear a miracle: while my patron thrives, I do not diminish.

Cesi. Francesco, we hear with gladness news of your soon-to-be announced promotion.

F Barberini. We'll find a cause to celebrate that, too.

Exeunt Cesi, Galilei, Francesco Barberini, and Aurelio

Act 3. Scene 4. The Vatican in Rome. 1624

Enter Maffeo Barberini, now Pope Urban VIII, and Father Ciampoli

Urban VIII. Ciampoli, we are beset in our palace not only by men, but- what is more importunate- by their books.

Ciampoli. Here we find Galileo's treatise entitled "The Assayer", published by the Academy of Lynxes and dedicated to you.

Urban VIII. An eternal jest against Jesuits! I'll chew on its precepts against their unverifiable proofs and clean my teeth with the sweet flavor.- But what is this heap?

Ciampoli. Letters that must be answered today.

Urban VIII. Is this to be a pope? This? Must I bless by hearsay, excommunicate on the basis of proofs on vellum?

Ciampoli. Moreover, we hold a list of great men who earnestly request an audience this morning, as well as a second list of lesser ones.

Urban VIII. Men are mouths.

Ciampoli. Many seek promotion, and some beseech that their promotion be promoted.

Urban VIII. Is this to be great? When caterpillars grow on us, our ability to protect the faithful in the shade of peace and to procure their spiritual substance diminishes.- What is that other pile?

Ciampoli. Letters from our generals.

Urban VIII. Our wars in Germany press us down nearly to a fainting fit. Where is help? We daily lose ground throughout Europe. What should be done? And these?

Ciampoli. From foreign powers.

Urban VIII. Rest, rest.

Ciampoli. Galileo returns.

Exit Father Ciampoli and enter Galilei

Galilei. What of Copernicus?

Urban VIII. Rash, not heretical.

Galilei. Not false?

Urban VIII. Somewhat over-bold.

Galilei. No worse?

Urban VIII. Had it depended on us, the decree against Copernicus would never have passed.

Galilei. Then your holiness intends to revoke it?

Urban VIII. We may not. Insofar as you do not demonstrate this theory as absolute truth, you need not fear. Speak in the language of mathematics, not of popularity.

Galilei. How may I understand you?

Urban VIII. How are we to know a world that misleads our senses?

Galilei. Our senses guide us truly if supported with well-calculated conceits and figures.

Urban VIII. Nature sometimes gives us bad glasses.

Galilei. Which we have removed.

Urban VIII. The impossibility of knowing is our refuge.

Galilei. If we say we know nothing, we lie, because if we know nothing, we know at least that. How perversely we seek and discover how to err!

Urban VIII. Galileo is pleasant. Have no fear. Fame will encircle you as brightly as Jupiter and his moons.

Exit Pope Urban VIII and re-enter Father Ciampoli

Ciampoli. I read to the holy father last night. Your letter to Ingoli was sweetly savored by him. He laughed still in his sleep.

Galilei. May his dreams be as happy as our fortunes.

Exeunt Galilei and Father Ciampoli

Act 3. Scene 5. The convent of St Matthew in Arcetri. 1630

Enter Sister Arcangela and Father Castelli

Castelli. At last, sister, we rejoice at finding you after a period that seems Methuselan, receiving scant news from you.

Arcangela. You find someone who is not.

Castelli. Ha, no better?

Arcangela. To be a little worse is the best I can expect.

Castelli. This news will sadden your considerate father.

Exit Father Castelli and enter Galilei

Galilei. You received my latest word?

Arcangela. Your letters arrive like priests' footsteps, in pairs and with noise.

Galilei. How do you spend time?

Arcangela. We make lace, till fields, and in return obtain stale bread, sour wine, tough meat, in bleak days of wretched deprivation.

Galilei. What else?

Arcangela. We prepare jam and candied fruit to sweeten misery.

Galilei. Your mother superior is not seen today.

Arcangela. At supper-time, she struck her head on the table and on the floor.

Galilei. Surprising clumsiness in a well-ordered person!

Arcangela. She cuts herself thirteen times in the night.

Galilei. Is not such fretfulness becalmed by your confessor?

Arcangela. Our minds are violated by his breviary.

Galilei. You give him berries from our garden?

Arcangela. He tastes from our sisters the berry in their bush.

Galilei. Ha?

Arcangela. Mine, like a cat, he tried to lap up, but was kicked away with the milk on his mustaches.

Galilei. Ah, misery without religion, and more misery within!

Arcangela. May not my soul like a prisoner escape?

Galilei. Worn down by my two sisters' dowries and burdened by my insolvent brother, I can no longer afford your upkeep, or your sister's. My brother's wife is our disordered housekeeper, who only works on how to avoid it.

Arcangela. My weakness is enlivened a little by Father Campanella's visits, whom, as we hear, the pope retrieved from Naples' ghastly pit.- Here he is.

Enter Father Campanella

Galilei. We hear much of your tribulations, Father Campanella.

Campanella. My constant source of amazement is that, stricken to a pitiable leanness in dungeons for twenty-seven years, friends do not yet see through my skin. I was preserved during the last few years in the vinegar of Claudio

Aurelio's diatribes against my numerous enemies.

Galilei. That untiring atheist?

Campanella. None but him. My second cause of wonder is that friends still remember my name.

Galilei. He who spreads the renown of others favors his own.

Campanella. Above all, your "Dialogue of the great world systems" must be known and, when known, admired.

Galilei. My essay is armed against all crosses.

Campanella. Let Galileo arm himself with mathematics, not crosses.

Exeunt Galilei, Sister Arcangela,
and Father Campanella

Act 4. Scene 1. The Vatican in
Rome. 1631

Enter Fathers Castelli, Ciampoli,
and Riccardi

Castelli. Against tergiversation, continuous disease of all administrations, we use violent remedies. I'm the leach that sucks away lazy blood.

Ciampoli. And I the surgeon's blade that cuts off subterfuge.

Riccardi. Persistence wearies me all the more.

Castelli. Will the license be granted before worms devour our dialogue?

Riccardi. Possibly.

Ciampoli. Will the license be allowed before worms eat you, plague-laden licenser, monstrous prevaricator?

Castelli. We'll press you still on this subject.

Enter Pope Urban VIII

Urban VIII. Riccardi, you are incontinently requested in our conference room.

Riccardi. All's in readiness, your holiness.

Urban VIII. The lord cardinals despair of your prolixity.

Riccardi. Their matter is entirely at hand.

Urban VIII. You have dropped half the papers in your file, Riccardi.

Riccardi. A small inconvenience, for sheets can be very quickly assembled.

Urban VIII. The pages are not numbered.

Riccardi. I remember with commendable precision decrees, pronouncements, and ratifications, together with the underlying reasons supporting and undermining them, an assemblage of notices and sentences, to my mind, very clear and correct.

Urban VIII. We have no time for clarity. Go.

Riccardi. Without my papers? I'm naked without them.

Urban VIII. Go, Riccardi; they gibber in a desperate darkness and grope for your languid lamp.

Riccardi. Compared to my ardor, sound and light are slow.

Exit Father Riccardi

Castelli. Your holiness, we await news of Galileo's dialogue on the systems of the world.

Urban VIII. We have contributed part of the introduction; the rest we leave to the judgment of licensers.

Exit Pope Urban VIII

Ciampoli. Thus we wait still.

Re-enter Father Riccardi, in haste

Riccardi. They clamor for their file.-Where is it?

Ciampoli. His holiness took it with him.

Riccardi. Ah, ah! Howl and die, Riccardi.

Exit Father Riccardi

Castelli. What must be done now?

Ciampoli. Squeeze the soft orange on our palate. What else?

Re-enter Father Riccardi

Riccardi. He says he cannot remember where he left it.

Castelli. We pine for you, Riccardi.

Ciampoli. Censoring, we know, is a bitter life.

Riccardi. Behold no man before you but a wad of sweaty paper, shrivelling before the candle of greatness.

Castelli. We await news on the license of our dialogue.

Ciampoli. When may we hope for it?

Re-enter Pope Urban VIII

Urban VIII. Have you found the file, Riccardi? The lord cardinals casually mention that unless you appear before them at once, they are entirely and irretrievably undone.

Exit Pope Urban VIII

Riccardi. I could weep a little.

Castelli. What of our book?

Ciampoli. You know his holiness approves of it.

Riccardi. I know no such matter. As nearly as I can guess, he merely glanced at it.

Castelli. You can easily determine what little time he dares to bestow on such a business, relying instead with clear judgment on your wisdom.

Ciampoli. As we do.

Castelli. We consider you as the Lynceus of good books.

Riccardi. I'm not reassured.

Ciampoli. And the very dog to smell out heresies. Is he not, Castelli?

Castelli. I dare to place my hands on the altar of his ratiocination before the entire congregation of Christianity.

Riccardi. Galileo's license is granted.

Ciampoli. I live again.

Exit Father Ciampoli

Castelli. Have you heard that Federico Cesi, our Lyncean founder, died in ecstasy in his mistress' arms?

Riccardi. Some this way, some that, some now, some later.

Exeunt Fathers Castelli and Riccardi

Act 4. Scene 2. The Vatican in Rome. 1632

Enter Pope Urban VIII and Father Ciampoli

Ciampoli. Then boy-angels enter trippingly and sing with rejoicing in a manger.

Urban VIII. A Christmas pageant for eunuchs! We are weary of windy entertainments.

Ciampoli. Some other may be found in my ledger.- Ah, I see a play has been devised for the judicious consideration of your holiness, called "Dialogue of the great world systems".

Urban VIII. Who plays in it?

Ciampoli. Stelluti.

Urban VIII. We know him as a drunken sot.

Ciampoli. Simplicio.

Urban VIII. We know him as a complete fool.

Ciampoli. Aurelio.

Urban VIII. The relentless atheist? How was he introduced into the Vatican?

Ciampoli. He's your nephew's creature, I believe.- Our players enter with commendable ceremony.

Enter Stelluti, Simplicio, and Aurelio, as Galileo, Urban VIII, and Caccini, respectively

Stelluti. Our most trivial word is a learned recreation.

Aurelio. Bold attacks against churchish values, your holy simpleness.

Simplicio. Behold our pontifical robes: sufficient authority for judging merits and demerits. Speak, and let us hear.

Urban VIII. Ha, is that ourself?

Ciampoli. My cushioned seat is turned into a witch's stool.

Simplicio. Come, Galileo, prince of philosophy,

Revered authority of essences,

Disclose to us your view of the world's ways.

Here, in our witty palace, demonstrate

To us in presence of enlightened priests

Promethean heights of knowledge
Italy

May still attain with her self-
tutored sons.

Stelluti. Gladly, your eminence. To
be quite short,

My thoughts are these: the earth
whirls as it goes.

Simplicio. We like your brevity,
but must learn more.

Stelluti. I say without a doubt that
the earth moves,

And those who do not think so are
at best

A rash of stupid fools, which we
have scratched

From our consideration. Are we
quite plain?

Simplicio. Your demonstrations
should be heard at once.

Stelluti. From Poland's polar
clouds, we have obtained

Our clearest vision, banishing at
once

In deepest darkness sad
ineptitudes

Of Ptolemy's confusion, which to
sense

Appears to be most true, but yet
is not,

That the sun moves and that the
earth does not.

Aurelio. Who is this Galileo but an
atheist fool?

Stelluti. Not quite so, highly
dreaded holiness.

Keen observations of the farthest
ken

Most happily appear to Danish
eyes,

To Tycho Brahe busy in his den,
Whose deeper calculations now
disclose

That planets move contrary to the
way

They ought. Thus moving, we
must move against

Their artifice. Our speculations
reach

Realms other men have never yet
conceived.

With Holland's glass, our deepest
mirror clear,

We here reverse men's sights and
stipulate

That the earth moves and that the
sun does not.

Aurelio. These arguments are nails
on Jesus' flesh;

He bleeds to hear our sages
reason so.

Stelluti. O sleepy priest, what do
your ravings mean?

Are prayers calculations? Proofs
converge

And valid inferences can be
adduced

In numbers nearly infinite from
here

To doomsday, and yet still you
prate and murmur!

Simplicio. Most subtle are wise
Galileo's principles!

But hear: a man may speak the
truth, yet lie.

We must explain. Your spyglass
argues with our mind,

Not with our soul. We judge more
prudently

By stating that against proud
reason's sway,
Great nature gives us horrid
spectacles.

Urban VIII. Familiar reasons on an
ass' tongue!

O, death and furies, horror and
deceit!

Ciampoli. Ha! Are these friends of
Galileo?

Simplicio. Yet will it never be that
in our age

Men fail to recognize your sea of
greatness.

Stelluti. What if they do not, or
forget my name?

It matters little, potent holiness.

I am myself to myself and an end
To all ends, final, erudite, and
bold.

If we be great in our own eye,
What palms, what garlands fresh
from stranger lands

Can ever flatter better than our
own?

In the great web of knowledge I
have spun,

I do not blink at flies that buzz at
me,

But rather eat my fill of them each
day.

Or say instead I am a soldier
stout,

And our large book's a truncheon
on the side

Of unctuous ignorance known as
priest-lore.

The enemies of knowledge and of
light

Reflect in smoky cells so sordidly

That I'm a-wearied by their sorry
plight.

They think on Vitruvius' seven
ants

Moving upon the potter's wheel,
or schemes

More candid and ridiculous than
play

Of children when they mimic
scholarship.

Simplicio. Reveal your opposition,
Ptolemy's fearless apostle.

Aurelio. Your holy primativeness,
we have drawn on our board for
your examination infallible proofs
of our world-view: an eccentric, a
deferent on an eccentric, and an
eccentric on an eccentric. We
have also drawn an epicycle on a
epicycle on a deferent. We must
also have equants to complete the
picture.

Simplicio. Our sacred head is
spinning.

Aurelio. Can these proofs be
otherwise than certain
prophecies?

Stelluti. I agree with your
epicycles, deferents, and
eccentrics, but equants I cannot
bear. We must have equants tied
to a stake and burnt.

Simplicio. You reason roundly,
Galileo. And yet for all your
reasons, reason evenly in the
following way: your reasons
cannot be attained by common
reasoning. Luckily, we may rest
our reason and, like a wearied
steed in wars not of its making,

pant a little in the restful hay of incredulity. The impossibility of knowing is the poor mind's refuge.

Urban VIII. Ha! Away from this laughing mirror, where we discover two Simplicios, as some will bitterly know of.

Exeunt Pope Urban VIII and Father Ciampoli

Simplicio. The true pope is not and the false one is.

Stelluti. We may thereby with more security add to our play.

Simplicio. Have we not overplayed? Come, let us feed on choicer meat than papal bulls.

Stelluti. Boy, I'll give you something to suck on that's sweeter than a sausage between two bags of plums, something to drink that's warmer than a possett.

Simplicio. What is it?

Stelluti. A thing only a man can offer.

Simplicio. That it capers too fast is your wife's inveterate opinion.

Stelluti. Indeed, it often spills before it should.

Simplicio. I'm an unnoted pontiff now.

Aurelio. You always accomplish much, priest: you kill intelligence in the crib, frighten curiosity, chase reason, mouse-like, to darkest corners, and lend to humanity bad glasses, so that he

sees what he does not and sees not what he sees. Say that a father's fondest wish is to strangle his child's reason indefinitely: he need only give him or her holy scriptures to read and mope over. These are the mind's rottingers, hollow graves to frighten children in the dark.

Stelluti. I'll play Galileo still.

Simplicio. And I his holiness.

Aurelio. But I for my part will transform myself to someone less nauseating than a priest: death.

Stelluti. Are you death?

Simplicio. Mercury to our eternity?

Aurelio. Prepare to enter into your graves. Your fears and joys are ended.

(Two coffins are revealed)

Stelluti. We submit, but first let us be fairly judged.

Aurelio. There's no judgment where you go.

Simplicio. How can this be! Where is our Christian Minos?

Aurelio. You go where nothing is the only thing that is.

Stelluti. Oh, no. What a grave message this is, the worst I ever heard in all my life!

Simplicio. Have I prayed for so many hours, suffered during holidays under heavy penances, composed tedious sermons, for lies?

Aurelio. You have. Come, no dawdling.

Simplicio. For such unnecessary pains, I ask in charity to be refunded by the addition of at least a few more years. Let me live again, now that I know I die never to wake up.

Aurelio. No, you are deposed and spurned to where tongues are as your religion: dirt, to where heads are shaved of hair and skin and placed on a heap with other heads, covered by a thick mantle of heavy dust.

Stelluti. I'm astonished- no, annihilated. O, what a brief and cruel flash life is, worse than as a child I ever expected or believed! A man and woman may sit together for many years and then man and woman disappear and only the empty seat remains. To gain this wonder, life, and then to lose it, forever!

Simplicio. My only consolation is that Protestants suffer the same fate.

Stelluti. O, disappointment beyond belief and endurance! I fail to understand what you are telling me. Galileo is all water up and down. What a poorly conceived system the universe is! I do not approve of it at all.

Simplicio. I could have slept each day with at least ten women, daintily fed on pheasants that Sardanapalus in envy would have wept on, marvelled at elephants

and brown men before cloud-overtopping temples.

Stelluti. We are most certainly the puppets of some judicial error.

Simplicio. How is it possible to be totally abandoned at the side of the pit? Are we not saved by Jesus-Christ?

Aurelio. Who?

Simplicio. O, of all forms of ignorance the most horrible ever heard!

Stelluti. We demand to be presented at once to your master.

Aurelio. I'll lead you to where none of your fellowship of dust has ever complained. Yet hold. You must first remove your clothes.

Simplicio. How! My tiara, my cross, my golden robe of state?

Aurelio. Death takes from you all.

Stelluti. Ah, ah! Death is a worse tyrant than our tax-collector.

Simplicio. O, O, O! All for nothing.

Stelluti. Ah, ah, I cannot prevent very heavy sighs on considering all the books I must part with. May I not at least preserve my own?

Aurelio. Fools without learning, who leave the world in the same manner as when they entered it: weeping!

Stelluti. Your holiness, let us consider how small the earth is. We lived only because those who preceded us died: do we now refuse to leave?

Aurelio. Hurry in swiftest precipitation, dead mortals who babble still! Many more will follow your example today, all crumbs of dust, multiplied over each other, the new dead atop the old dead on a pile, Apennines on Apennines of mold and bones.

Stelluti. We follow you. Let the world go.

Simplicio. We follow. Let the world hang.

Aurelio. Off, off, off. Go. Quit our universal stage with the applause and laughter of ghosts.

Exeunt Stelluti, Simplicio, and Aurelio

Act 4. Scene 3. The Vatican in Rome. 1632

Enter Fathers Scheiner and Grassi

Scheiner. Every vowel in my book is a bag of poison against Galileo and every period a pit he may fall into.

Grassi. Every word in mine is his gravedigger. The fox that bit on the porcupine will suffer from quills on his tongue.

Scheiner. His sunspots blind him.

Grassi. Yet are we not as blind in vanity as he? In my youth, learning was a bride to be clasped and enjoyed. Now, my bride's a statuary, leaning on a bent willow, and on each side two boys

tremblingly hold an extinguished torch.

Scheiner. I hear our holy father's noise.

Grassi. May it fall like a thunderclap on our naked enemy.

Scheiner. The Tuscan ambassador pleads against hail and whirlwinds.

Exeunt Fathers Scheiner and Grassi, enter Pope Urban VIII and Niccolini

Urban VIII. Execrable and injurious writings, perverse in the extreme.

Niccolini. Galileo innocently attempted to present both views.

Urban VIII. Cunning intentions of subtle authors!

Niccolini. His work charms science and convinces religion.

Urban VIII. He has entirely gone over to secular views.

Niccolini. How can good calculations become bad doctrine?

Urban VIII. We informed him of the difficulties. He imposes necessity on God and on us.

Niccolini. The only necessity is the search for truth.

Urban VIII. We, a Simplicio, wrote part of his introduction and seem more like Simplicio than Simplicio. We are awfully betrayed.

Niccolini. All men are Simplicios, born to be laughed at.

Urban VIII. Let him laugh in dungeons.

Niccolini. Father Campanella opines that the book is very learned.

Urban VIII. We dragged Campanella by the hair from forgotten cells in Naples because of his indiscretions and this is our reward? That friendly father goes back to prison.

Niccolini. Will you persecute when you have saved from persecution?

Urban VIII. Men and women lose faith. The heart's a muscle.

Niccolini. I have been assured by many prelates of deep piety that Galileo is a sound Catholic.

Urban VIII. What an age to live in: intelligence without sense, charity without goodness, tradition without hope, rigor without discipline, modest arrogance, resentful indulgence, and squinting philosophy!

Niccolini. He has ventured into new cosmologies.

Urban VIII. He has ventured into confusion.

Niccolini. His book was approved by Fathers Ciampoli and Riccardi.

Urban VIII. Ciampoli is suddenly banished: to Montalto let him mount his altar. Riccardi is brushed away to oblivion and will recover his lousy honor when angels drop down figs on our tongues.

Exeunt Pope Urban VIII and Niccolini

Act 4. Scene 4. Galilei's house in Florence. 1632

Enter Galilei, Father Campanella, and Father Castelli

Galilei. Summoned to the holy office of the Inquisition! Hypocrisy, Italy's your altar and your priest. My book was approved by them.

Campanella. High eminences may at the same moment approve and disapprove.

Castelli. Let us be admitted to the commission of inquiry.

Campanella. I tried to, but was infamously rejected.

Castelli. They dare not prosecute, for that would permanently damage their reputation.

Galilei. I'm utterly puffed away and confounded.

Campanella. Knowledge is Catholic; the holy office advances backward.

Castelli. How likely is it for that revered body to impugn one who has written modestly, submissively, and reservedly?

Galilei. They speak with wheels and chains.

Enter Father Riccardi

Riccardi. Hear my thunder and gaze in fear on the thunderbolt at

a distance. The Dominicans found a document of the year 1616 from the archives of the Inquisition, which bodes great danger to Galileo.

Galilei. Consider me no more as a giant among men, but as a ball, weary with wind, and ready to be pricked.

Castelli. Yet hold; their injunction lacks the proper signatures and therefore possesses no legal value.

Campanella. The holy office considers his own will.

Enter Niccolini

Galilei. Niccolini is our deep probe in this matter.

Niccolini. I'll not reveal to you all the bad news I heard from the pope, in fear of killing you by the ear.

Galilei. Ah, worldly greatness, what had I to do with your vanity?

Niccolini. You'll find the cardinals unpersuadable.

Galilei. Ah, me! Have I persuaded planets to speak the truth and not men?

Niccolini. My advice is to submit to all they say.

Galilei. O, man, miserable, O miserable man.

Niccolini. When you enter the holy office, consider guilt as your only ally and friend.

Galilei. Must I plead guilty before even hearing the accusation?

Niccolini. Your safest strategy.

Campanella. The holy office cannot be defied without much loss of blood. *Niccolini.* Admit error on all points; otherwise, they'll pursue this matter to the utmost rigor.

Galilei. My error was learning how to read, or to reveal to men what can be demonstrated to children.

Niccolini. You must hurry to them now.

Galilei. Behold a fragment of Galileo.

Campanella. They can break you into many more.

Niccolini. Say only that you are a good Catholic and entirely believe what they believe.

Galilei. O day of infamy! It is not Galileo who bleeds, but truth.

Castelli. There's a truth in every untruth.

Galilei. Be Simplicio, Galileo. On a stage of fools, to play the fool is to be wise.

Niccolini. The hourglass drily weeps in anguish while we stay.

Exeunt Galilei, Niccolini, and Father Castelli

Riccardi. We hope to obtain from his holiness and from the lord cardinals that uncertain stepmother, indulgence.

Campanella. For Dominicans, hope is a weary dog at noon.

Riccardi. Churchmen think of christendom first.

Campanella. And dungeon rats are fat.

Exeunt Fathers Riccardi and Campanella

Act 4. Scene 5. A street. Rome.
1633

Enter Aurelio, Stelluti, and Father Castelli

Aurelio. What miserable sect dares to prosecute a man who has read deeply into nature's book, as if he were odious? The world is not a single corner. Many speak tongues other than Italian.

Stelluti. Galileo is a sun that does not move.

Castelli. How is it possible? Our only man of science attacked by our most venerable priests, priests without sense and therefore without God!

Aurelio. Applaud with laughter my latest wise decision, friends. The chief torturer of the holy office of the Inquisition has in his unquestioned zeal broken his elbow. Thanks to my Lord Francesco Cardinal Barberini's influence, I'll replace him for a time, hiring Simplicio as my assistant of dolours.

Castelli. Ha, are you mad?

Aurelio. When living in a Christian state, learn with sorrow that the bad often do more good than the good.

Castelli. Secure me into a secret place, where I can overhear their murderous murmurs.

Aurelio. Follow.

Exeunt Aurelio, Stelluti, and Father Castelli

Act 5. Scene 1. The holy office of the Inquisition in Rome. 1633

Enter Carlo Sincero and Cardinal Francesco Barberini

Sincero. As proctor-fiscal of the holy office, I ask this: did not the sun halt his course in Gibeon, to admire Joshua's massacre against enemies of our faith?

F Barberini. Such a question cannot be answered by holy writ.

Sincero. Can David's lusty man run a race and lie still?

F Barberini. Augustine warns us that theories of nature must not be examined as articles of Christian faith, and therefore Galileo is a sounder theologian than you.

Sincero. Do not the people look to us to bestir their faith and guide their morals? Will you have them look elsewhere? Will their navel, like that of Protestants, instruct them?

F Barberini. Faith and morals are not flung off by the earth's motion.

Sincero. I see in this rebellion a church who sadly smiles at the

ways of the world and cogs the people for a little charity, a little goodness.

F Barberini. Here we agree. Our benevolent power like a palace of snow melts away, renewed into different shapes every year, first in the autumn of the sour Lutherans, then in the summer of the wayward English, and now by a spring I cannot even define.

Sincero. Did I not say so from the beginning? If we smile on controversies, will not the faithful pick out like onions in the market-place the commandments they like and throw down those they do not? Will they not be examined layer by layer and not swallowed whole? While we thunder, do not the faithful already nod half-asleep in their pews, at ease on pillows of contentment? Is drowsy religion religion?

Enter Cardinal Firenzuola

Firenzuola. Here is how we proceed: we first obtain admission of guilt, then we hear the defense, and in the final stage we rigorously examine the reason behind the crimes.

Sincero. He must be forced to view himself as the church sees him.

Firenzuola. We expect no less than fierce abjuration.

Sincero. And clear truth.

F Barberini. Otherwise, we hasten to a vehemence not easily checked.

Firenzuola. We bear in hand harsh reports from Jesuit fathers of our commission of inquiry. In Melchior Inchofer, we are favored with the marriage of religion and science.

F Barberini. May this day solemnize their eternal union.

Enter Galilei

Firenzuola. Behold pride's shadow.

Sincero. We observe the longest shadows at sunset.

Firenzuola. Galileo Galilei, do you understand the reason why you are summoned to appear before us?

Galilei. The consequence of my most recent published work.

Firenzuola. Your book as it relates to a meeting held in Cardinal Bellarmine's palace in 1616. Do you recall that meeting?

Galilei. I do.

Firenzuola. What was its purpose?

Galilei. I came to hear from Cardinal Bellarmine what was proper to believe.

Firenzuola. It was decreed in 1616 that the opinion propounded by Copernicus whereby the sun is stationary and the earth moves is contradicted by holy scripture and must not be held, defended or taught.

Sincero. What did Cardinal Bellarmino reveal to you concerning this decision of the holy congregation of the index?

Galilei. That Copernicus' view was admissible only as a conjecture.

Sincero. Did he say anything else on this subject?

Galilei. I was informed by Cardinal Bellarmino that I must not hold, defend or teach the Copernican system, confirmed in a signed copy I received from him on May, 1616.

Sincero. Give me the letter.

Firenzuola. Were you commanded by Cardinal Bellarmino before a notary and witnesses that the said system must be relinquished and not in any way be held, defended or taught?

Galilei. I do not remember the presence of a notary or the use of the terms "relinquished" and "in any way".

Firenzuola. It is so expressed in the document I hold.

Sincero. The injunction of Cardinal Bellarmino kept in our files clearly states that you must abandon the said opinion, and not hold, defend, teach or even discuss it.

Galilei. I kept his eminence's attestation as a reminder that I must not hold, defend, or teach the said opinion, except as a supposition.

Sincero. The decree makes no mention of suppositions, neither

does Cardinal Bellarmino's injunction and attestation.

Galilei. That was my interpretation.

Sincero. Have you defended the condemned system as absolute truth?

Galilei. No, I have not.

Sincero. Did you seek permission to write your book?

Galilei. No, I judged that to be unnecessary, being confident that the views expressed in it did not contradict in any way the commands expressed in the attestation.

Sincero. When asking permission to print your book, did you inform our licenser of the commands issued in the attestation?

Galilei. No, I also judged that to be unnecessary, having no doubt that the views presented in my dialogue obeyed the commands expressed in the attestation.

Firenzuola. What are your thoughts now?

Galilei. That, in disobedience to the church's decree, my guilt is obvious to unread children.

F Barberini. Proceed with your defense.

Galilei. I have no defense. I misinterpreted his eminence's certificate. I added to this error the usual vainglorious impudence of authors who present foul opinions in a beautiful light, complacently.

Sincero. And so, in conclusion, you erred inadvertently.

Galilei. My works on tides and sunspots have shown that the arguments of Copernicus are at best weak and inconclusive. Henceforth, I'll violently confute all Copernican arguments, which I swear to perform immediately, if permitted to amend my book.

Sincero. If you are unaware of having embraced Copernicus' views, you are the only one in Italy.

Firenzuola. Is this your entire defense?

Galilei. My defense is to beg for mercy.

Firenzuola. Galileo, you have defended an hypothesis that the church has demonstrated to be false and dangerous to the faith.

F Barberini. Let us examine his motive.

Firenzuola. Tell the truth. What was your purpose in defying the church?

Galilei. My-that is -it was- no- my wits-

Sincero. What is your present opinion? Do you believe the arguments of Copernicus, or do you accept instead those of Ptolemy?

Galilei. I have weighed both opinions, insomuch as proofs may be adduced to either. But after the church's view was decreed, I ceased to have any doubt and now hold as most true and

indisputable the opinion of Ptolemy, that the earth is stable and that the sun moves.

Firenzuola. Tell the truth. Your present opinion is contrary to your dialogue and many other writings.

Sincero. You are vehemently suspected of heresy.

Galilei. Ha! The decree does not mention heresy.

Sincero. You have maliciously defended Copernicus' book.

Galilei. That book is suspended, not prohibited.

Sincero. To what an equivocation is this holy tribunal subject to!

Galilei. It was intended that Copernicus' book be rectified for its theology and not its science.

Sincero. He quibbles.

F Barberini. To the motive. Galileo has yet to speak a word of truth.

Firenzuola. Mercifully, we have the rack to discover lies.

Galilei. O, blot of humankind!

Sincero. Well remembered.

Firenzuola. We inform the prisoner that he's in immediate danger of the trestle and rope.

Galilei. There's more mercy in ropes than in men.

F Barberini. Be gentler, worthy colleague. Let us prepare for him instead the heretic's fork.

Galilei. Iron is more receptive than human understanding.

F Barberini. Do you know it, Galileo? Consider a prong that pierces the chin and another that

pierces the chest. Between such bars of iron, we have seen big men transformed into tiny mice, but yet with more truths on their tongues than what we have heard from you today.

Galilei. I faint with fear.

F Barberini. Ho, bring him water. Where is our gentle Aurelio?

Aurelio and Simplicio are revealed before a tortured prisoner in the inner chamber

Aurelio. Faithful to the faith, your eminence.

F Barberini. Restore the accused with some refreshment.

Aurelio. Here's water for the water he has lost.

F Barberini. Who is your new assistant?

Aurelio. Simplicio, ready to attend your eminence with eminent works, if it please your eminence.

Simplicio. Even without pleasing him, my name's Simplicio still.

F Barberini. Why is your head covered with a bandage?

Simplicio. My worthy lord, our prisoner's cries have given me a headache.

Aurelio. Simplicio is not yet stiffened in the service of the public weal, your eminence; his performance often falls short of his intentions.

Simplicio. True, the prick of my zeal is still too soft on my hands.

F Barberini. Enough. Give Galileo the beaker.

(Galilei drops the beaker)

Galilei. O, my nerves are shot to pieces.

Aurelio. We are answerable for those, my lords. As instruments of the faith, we vouch for our ability to pull Galileo into as many pieces as his lies, so that he can find himself again.

Galilei. I hear, but do not hear.

Aurelio. Should Galileo lie to you, my lords, it is our duty to make him lie on a careful bed of blood. With your permission, we'll unbind our prisoner and replace him with the philosopher, where I promise you that, after our care, all men who look at him will weep loudly and cry out: "No one, to our knowledge, has ever been so drawn and so shredded as Galileo has this day."

F Barberini. Galileo stretched the truth; now the truth will stretch him.

Sincero. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! My Lord Cardinal Barberini is pleased to be merry.

Aurelio. Who says high-placed prelates cannot laugh?

F Barberini. We find a thousand veins to make men bleed.

Aurelio. My lords, my fingers itch to tear off Galileo's lies together with his tongue and throw them on his face.

F Barberini. Indeed, many truths are spoken without tongue.

Galilei. I'm undone, barberiniously.

Firenzuola. Enough of trifling. Remove yourselves.

Aurelio. Our prisoner awakes. Let us not keep him waiting, Simplicio.

Simplicio. That would be impolite. Let us entertain him with fire this time, which should please him better, for you know how much he hates the dark.

Exeunt Aurelio and Simplicio into the inner chamber

Sincero. Tell the truth. We hear that your belief is entirely Copernican.

Galilei. No, it is not.

Sincero. You confidently assert equality between the divine and human mind. Have you not written that science is equal to the divine because it predicts events and comprehends necessity?

Galilei. I said so, conjecturally.

Firenzuola. From the beginning, Galileo's glory is to dissimulate.

Galilei. I use no deceit to those who understand.

F Barberini. O, more than barbarous obstinancy!

Sincero. His guiles mislead each other in a maze. He has sullied himself with so many lies or half-truths that he cannot find a rag to clean himself with.

Galilei. In writing my dialogue, I considered Ptolomy's opinion as true, but clumsily, illogically, and irrationally I set one argument against the other for the benefit of understanding. I thought my light was the all-governing sun. I now know that the opinions of science must be informed with a higher teaching. Our science is a borrowed light and the church the sun. If by moonlight I see that such is so and that my church says otherwise, it is clear that my lamp is dark and must be kindled with clearer doctrines.

F Barberini. We agree it must must be set afire.

Galilei. My lord cardinals, pity my extreme anxieties. In conclusion, I was warned twice, first by Cardinal Bellarmino and then by his holiness the pope, and will remember it always.

Firenzuola. Will the apostate recant?

Galilei. I will.

Firenzuola. Return to us without fail tomorrow.

Exit Galilei, shaking

Sincero. Here's some good work done.

F Barberini. Far from my wishes.

Firenzuola. Did Galileo leave us, or was it his ghost?

Exeunt Cardinals Firenzuola, Sincero, and Francesco Barberini

Act 5. Scene 2. The Medici villa in
Rome. 1633

Enter Galilei and Niccolini

Niccolini. Do I see before me a
breathing dead man?

Galilei. Yesterday, my excrements
were white.

Niccolini. Ha, these terrible
tremors!

Galilei. I tremble because the
earth moves.

Niccolini. You are tied to a stake,
like a spent bear, while curs of
religion jump up to bite your
throat.

Galilei. Should I pray for them to
stop?

Niccolini. Pray rather against the
need for prayers.

Exeunt Galilei and Niccolini

Act 5. Scene 3. St Mary of Minerva
in Rome. 1633

Enter Cardinals Firenzuola,
Sincero, and Fransesco Barberini

Firenzuola. As cardinals, we
exchange dark-green robes for
red ones, signifying our readiness
to shed blood for the Catholic
Church.

Sincero. I'm all readiness.

F Barberini. So am I.

Enter Galilei

Firenzuola. The prisoner enters
in penitential robes of white.

F Barberini. Proceed with the
accusation.

Firenzuola. As decreed in 1616
and insofar as Galileo Galilei, son
of Vincenzo, was denounced for
the false opinion held by some
that the sun is the center of the
planetary system and that the
earth moves, for correspondence
with certain mathematicians
holding the same opinion, for
publication of a treatise on
sunspots, in which the same
opinion is explicitly developed,
for letters to disciples and
persons of rank where the
scriptures are disputed according
to a meaning contrary to the
authority of the church, this holy
tribunal will therefore proceed
against you as a heinous source of
disorder and mischief. In defiance
and in violation of the said decree
and of the injunction expressed by
Lord Cardinal Bellarmino, you
watered this sick plant to a
prodigious confusion, blocking
many serious persons' view away
from Catholic truth. You spoke,
wrote, travelled, spoke again,
wrote again, travelled, till men
and women of Catholic faith
wonder what we mean. It is
apparent that by your dialogue
and by other works, you denigrate
and jest at any opinion not your
own and that instead of exposing

pernicious opinions to easy refutation, you laughingly support them under the lying mask of equivocation. You deceitfully obtained permission to print your dialogue by not notifying our censor of Lord Cardinal Bellarmine's injunction. You aggravated this serious error by revealing to us Lord Cardinal Bellarmine's certificate, where it is evident that to your face Cardinal Bellarmine leniently admonished you never to speak of this false argument. Therefore, we proclaim that for the above-stated reasons you, Galileo Galilei, are vehemently suspected of heresy and therefore liable to incur all the punishments usually reserved for such cases.

Galilei. Ah, you brighten nothing, light.

Firenzuola. From which we lamb-like in our mercy absolve you, provided you curse and abjure the aforesaid errors against the Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church and thankfully accept a lighter punishment.

F Barberini. Proceed with the sentence.

Firenzuola. By command of his holiness the pope and of the eminent lord cardinals of our supreme and universal Inquisition, we declare the following sentence. Galileo Galilei, you are condemned to imprisonment in this holy office, indefinitely. Your

dialogue is to be suppressed in the index of prohibited books, and publicly burnt as infamous trash in the dust and filth of the streets.

Galilei. O, how sharply bites the merciful lamb!

Firenzuola. Does the prisoner have anything to say?

Galilei. I request that two points be stricken from my recantation: that I'm a bad Catholic, and that I purposely deceived the licenser with my dialogue.

Firenzuola. Granted.

F Barberini. Let us hear this recantation.

Galilei. I, Galileo Galilei, arraigned and kneeling before you, most eminent lord inquisitors, having before my eyes and touching the sacred gospels, swear with sincere heart that henceforth I'll altogether abandon the offending view whereby the sun is said to be the center of the planetary system and the earth moves around it. I curse and abjure the aforesaid errors against the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, swear that I'll never again assert any word to occasion similar suspicions of heresy but, on the contrary, decounce any suspected heretic, and promise on peril of a most painful death to fulfill the just penances inflicted on my transgressions.

Firenzuola. Arise and sign the document of your recantation.

Sincero. You have spilled some ink, Galileo.

Galilei. The blackest mark that ever blotted human thought.

Firenzuola. No matter. The parchment is preserved.

Exit Cardinal Firenzuola

Sincero. Sign here, my Lord Barberini.

F Barberini. No.

Sincero. No?

F Barberini. That paper blushes at our shames.

Sincero. I must not understand you.

Galilei. And yet it turns!

Sincero. To prison you must turn, like a bird in water, like a fish in air.

Exit Galilei

F Barberini. Bad judgments never mend the bad or help the good.

Sincero. How miserably did Galileo fail to uphold his convictions! Is this not insolence tainted with cowardice, moral and physical? Thus, we understand that, to the naturalist, the truths of science are lies and lies, truths.

F Barberini. I'm in deep despair that Galileo refused to speak truthfully. He who shuns suffering suffers for all times.

Sincero. A self-serving rebel without power is sneered at by fruit-sellers. What are these

philosopher's views but irresponsible and unfounded protestations against order, discrediting himself and science?

F Barberini. Birds befoul their own nests.

Sincero. I'm satisfied. We have seen the disgrace of disgrace.

F Barberini. We have seen the disgrace of grace.

Sincero. Well have we defended the faith.

F Barberini. Well have we defended our revenues.

Sincero. Faith marries science to his will.

F Barberini. Science divorced from faith plays the whore to commerce.

Exeunt Cardinals Sincero and Francesco Barberini, enter Father Castelli, Aurelio, and Simplicio, with brooms, buckets, and rags

Castelli. Before such judgments, we live, die, and, worse of all, keep silent.

Exit Father Castelli

Aurelio. (hurling a bucket of water at the seats)

O, you nothings, enter into empty graves. I prophesy that on Roman grounds a curious stranger will one day tread on stubble and ask whether these fragments were your churches. Let me kneel to that blind, deaf, and tired cloud

you adore, so that I in this life may be a witness to that joyful scene.

Simplicio. Rise, I'm your pope still.

Aurelio. I go where priests are no longer heard or seen.

Simplicio. Where?

Aurelio. In a forest.

Simplicio. You improve in morality, from cutting down men to cutting down trees.

Aurelio. Use lime and water on the desks and seats, *Simplicio*.

Simplicio. Why? I find no filth here.

Aurelio. All-seeing *Simplicio*, like my god.

Simplicio. I thank you.

Exeunt *Aurelio* and *Simplicio*

Act 5. Scene 4. A cemetery in
Arcetri. 1634

Enter *Galilei*, Father *Castelli*, and Sister *Arcangela*, bearing a coffin

Arcangela. Now that my dear sister's dead, my body, except for groaning, seems like a fragrant corpse awaiting burial.

Galilei. Now that my dear daughter's dead, any thought of happiness resembles jesting.

Arcangela. You have a further cause for tears, being condemned, as I am, to perpetual house arrest at Arcetri. There's comfort in that we live near each other.

Galilei. I loathe myself.

Arcangela. Why? Because you refused to defy dangerous fools? Who would be a martyr to no religion?

Castelli. We deliver our religious sister to the grave, our best hope of happiness.

Arcangela. I throw dust on that hope.

Galilei. As I bury mine.

Castelli. Do you stare and say nothing more? What are your thoughts, *Galileo*?

Galilei. My pebble's path is a parabola.

Castelli. Ha?

Galilei. Under the homogenous influence of horizontal and vertical acceleration.

Castelli. Elevated thoughts before your daughter's grave!

Galilei. Moreover, my projectile lands farthest when released at an angle of 45 degrees.

Castelli. Even better.

Galilei. Our sad ceremony concerns death, a kind of nothing, but you must hear with joy of the birth of two new sciences.

Castelli. As the physician of your grief, I announce with regret that both are still-born. Learn with pain that *Galileo's* works are not allowed in the confines of our land to be reprinted. Likewise, you are prevented from publishing any new volume.

Galilei. These biting restrictions were never mentioned by the holy

dogs during my trial. How harshly do they seek to prevent my works! How am I destroyed, obliterated!

Castelli. Print your works in non-Catholic countries.

Arcangela. He's alone.

Exit Galilei

Castelli. Where are our Lynceans?

Arcangela. Philosophical mice scurry to their holes.

Castelli. We know friends of learning who may help.

Arcangela. Come inside. My father has a greater need for a friend than for a daughter who exists no more.

Exeunt Sister Arcangela and Father Castelli

Act 5. Scene 5. Galilei's house in Arcetri. 1634

Enter Galilei and Niccolini

Galilei. Because I committed no crime, I must not hope for clemency. Princes sometimes pardon our faults, but never their errors. The first flatters their sense of generosity, the second accuses them. Thus, in my case, deceit is made holy.

Niccolini. The pope may yet relent.

Galilei. My works lie buried in the pangs of the womb.

Niccolini. Man freed from prison but bound in spirit.

Galilei. They prevent visitors, except in secret.

Niccolini. Your friends consist of lizards, shrubs, and the dust of garden paths.

Galilei. What had I to do with greatness? The pride of vanity is thrown down with his chariot, broken and discarded from the sight of all. For courting loftiness and popularity, lonely despair is added to the grief of humiliation. I should never have heard of Rome and churches.

Niccolini. All these woes because of a star's position!

Galilei. Copernicus' star is no longer seen in sunbeams of divinity, whose light to my sorrow hurts the eyes.

Niccolini. How does it harm us to know where the sun is?

Galilei. We stopped the Creator's hand. Is it not natural that the church stops ours?

Niccolini. No, we advance forward.

Galilei. As to limits of knowledge, who can set them? How may we know what is useful or good? Can advances be guided? Are they not blind and yet all-seeing?

Niccolini. Write, Galileo.

Galilei. Why? Let us stand and read old books. Let us know what is known. But yet if I do so, is not my rejection worse than theirs? Will indifference be celebrated?

That must not be kneeled to at least.

Exeunt Galilei and Niccolini

Act 5. Scene 6. Galilei's house in Arcetri. 1636

Enter Father Castelli and Sister Arcangela

Castelli. You should return to your convent.

Arcangela. I must. But yet I learn more from my father's books than from theirs.

Castelli. In conversations with Galileo, we speak not to a man but to a century.

Arcangela. And yet gravel hears more of him than people do.

Castelli. He expresses thoughts that lead us to create.

Arcangela. His book is at last rid of him.

Enter Galilei

Galilei. I have finished my "Discourses of two new sciences". Thus, the sciences of motion and of material are by me established.

Castelli. The world rejoices at this news.

Galilei. Ha!

Castelli. Do you fall? What do these hesitant steps mean?

Galilei. My sight is failing.

Castelli. This must be known in Rome.

Exit Father Castelli

Arcangela. Come, I'll guide you to your bed.

Galilei. To my library rather.

Arcangela. There to meet Vincenzo Viviani, henceforth your eyes and hands.

Exeunt Galilei and Sister Arcangela

Act 5. Scene 7. The Vatican in Rome. 1637

Enter Pope Urban VIII and Father Castelli

Castelli. Because Galileo's eyes are sorely infected from an unknown cause, lovers of true learning urgently plead with you to release him from the bonds of house arrest, so that competent physicians in Florence may if possible cure him.

Urban VIII. As to his rehabilitation, let us proceed slowly.

Castelli. He has already lost his right eye as the result of a cataract.

Urban VIII. His mind is blind; his eye is the lesser blindness.

Castelli. Ha, your friend in anguish shakes at the imminence of the loss of sight.

Urban VIII. To allow him complete liberty is too dangerous by far. Any further request of this sort

will precipitate in a whirlwind your friend back to the prison of the holy office. That place, you know, is darker than blindness. You are warned. Hear the utmost favors we allow: Galileo will not be let down in chains to sink up to his chin in the mire of our deepest dungeon, neither will he wallow in it till unknown creatures stick to his armpits, nor will he rest on rocks, chew the dust on them, and drink his own urine. Therefore, we expect sincere thanks for our benevolence and care.

Exeunt Pope Urban VIII and Father Castelli

Act 5. Scene 8. Galilei's house in Arcetri. 1638

Enter Galilei and Sister Arcangela

Arcangela. A little farther. To the left- well, now, to the right.

Galilei. Should we not weep in pity and dismay on my sad condition? Can impatience be blamed if in desolation his hair and beard be torn off? Am I near comfort? Where is it? I can only touch what made humanity see.

Arcangela. Hold your hand away, for you almost broke the instrument.

Galilei. Is that a moonbeam or my arm?

Arcangela. I'm your moonbeam.

Galilei. Here sits Galileo, blinded by green malice, while his glass, all-seeing, like a god, awaits her next interpreter.

Enter Father Castelli

Arcangela. Greet with cheerfulness Father Castelli.

Galilei. Where is he?

Castelli. Ha, do you stumble?

Galilei. My body stumbles, but not my intellect. What does this pope say?

Castelli. That he cares for you.

Galilei. Your friend is blind, Castelli. Heaven, enlarged by my glass as no man ever saw before, is for me diminished smaller than my own body. I go from black to blacker, from death of the eyes to death and burial of the body.

Castelli. We are sorry to hear it.

Galilei. A cadaver speaks to you.

Castelli. Your eyes are buried, but your tongue speaks like resurrected man only of wonders.

Galilei. I do not, but yet my book may.

Castelli. We hear it was received by Louis Elsevier and printed in Leiden.

Galilei. Friends of science recover me from death.

Castelli. We must not call it a book, but rather a library held by a single hand.

Galilei. We'll probe further.

Arcangela. Will you never seek repose?

Galilei. Retirement is a busy form of death. What news do you hear from mathematicians at Bologna?

Castelli. Loud applauses for Bonaventura Cavialeri's undoubted proofs of the principle of indivisibles.

Galilei. The benefit of aging is in learning to love hated rivals.

Castelli. Many others work commendably,- there's one- I forget his name- and also another who- ah, there's much to admire in the most modest of them.

Galilei. I see them.

Castelli. Who?

Galilei. Pilgrim minds on the long old road I tread on.

Arcangela. Should we go in for supper?

Exeunt Galilei, Sister Arcangela,
and Father Castelli

Vesalius and Servetus

Dramatic characters (17)

Andreas Vesalius, anatomist and physician of the Spanish court

Miguel Servetus, physician and theologian

Jean Calvin, reformer of the church of Geneva

Guillaume Farel, pastor of the church of Neufchâtel

Ami Perrin, member of the libertine party of Geneva

Philibert Berthelier, member of the libertine party of Geneva

Dominique Rigot, public prosecutor

Judicieux, member of the council of Geneva

Philip II, king of Spain

Carlos, son of Philip II

Olivares, physician of the Spanish court

Lenora, daughter of Olivares

Grisilda, sister of Lenora

Damon, lover and then husband of Lenora

Amargar Aguar, courtier of the Spanish court

A lazy tutor of the Spanish court

A diligent tutor of the Spanish court

Servants, guards, Emilia's corpse, little Carlos at eight years of age

Time: 16th century

Places: Geneva, Paris, Toledo, Vienne, and Madrid

Act 1. Scene 1. A street in Geneva.
1536

Enter Farel and Calvin

Farel. I proclaim without fear the gospels. At last the people of Geneva and their councils decide to live according to the way. Our reform, like a young man stretching out his arms at ease, rises with confidence, sure of triumphs. Idols we destroy, to dogs deliver papal hosts and twelfth-cakes, gods of leaven and flour, into streams throw down prayer beads and amulets, in privies cast off chalices with statues of virgin and saints. Prayers for the dead we consign as madness born of pride and impudence, as if a worm immersed in mud could command more rain for itself to wallow in.

Calvin. Thanks to your care, slaves of the Catholic beast and seditious drunkard priests disgorge the froth of their tasty viands and too sweet wine.

Farel. Their grumbling is quieted to a faint echo. To the general population, we promise even more: to cover with modest veils the unbridled seduction of women's hair, to allow no dancing, except children's at the end of rods. Thus, after many trials, we found and erect a state whereby religion is at last not mocked, where with evangelic

faith we begin to totter in Christ's footsteps, where rigorous Paul is not set aside for pleasant romances and truant poetries. Enough of licence and liberties that accomplish nothing, except lolling in lazy lucubrations and pleasures in open theaters of perversion! We abolish Circumcision, Annunciation, Christmas, and Ascension, preserving only Sunday as our holy time.

Calvin. Those who love Peter's degenerated ape more fervently than Jesus-Christ you invite to leave; for those who choose to stay, you prepare sharp laws.

Farel. We wish to obtain from the author of "The institution of Christianity" guidance and example of good conduct in our reformed city-states.

Calvin. I hoped to live in quietness of studies.

Farel. Do you refuse our charge? In which deep text Should I dig out an imprecation strong

Enough to terrify your soul and shake

Your heart with trembling? Ha, can I find none?

Calvin. Your voice, more powerful and true than what Can animate church organs, I will hear.

Farel. The rest I'll whisper.

Calvin. Ah, no! Ah, no!

Farel. Do you weep, timid man?
Does your faint heart
Shake yet with dread? Have I not
said enough?

Calvin. To fearful adjurations I
submit.

When our Farel comes, tumults,
loud and fierce,

Are lifted up, and painted images
Of saints cast down, in deepest
pits lopped off:

How may we not adhere in hope
of life?

Farel. With lifting of the hands,
you are proclaimed

Our own forevermore, a lecturer,
A pastor, and, we hope, reformer
bold.

Exeunt Farel and Calvin

Act 1. Scene 2. A lecture hall at
the University of Paris. 1536

Enter Vesalius and Servetus

Servetus. I fail to understand our
lesson of the day.

Vesalius. Spurn away books.
University courses prepare us for
life-long ignorance. Instead, on
this rude board, let me reveal to
you intricate images of the
arterial and venous systems our
instructors intended you to know
but do not know.

Servetus. Marvels of science and
art! Did you draw these?

Vesalius. I did, but we need more,
the full portrait, the complete

fabric of vessels, bones, nerves,
muscles, and viscera.

Servetus. How may we learn
structure if we are forbidden to
see it?

Vesalius. Well considered.

Servetus. What do you hide
beneath that bloody sheet?

Vesalius. (revealing a skeleton)
A beautiful cadaver, Servetus.

Servetus. Is there no interdiction
in our halls

To study it? Mistaken statutes
frown

To see our bold Vesalius plunge
his hand

On bodies cold in death in study's
aim.

Vesalius. For purposes of study,
we obtain

From gibbets most of them. This
one I stripped

Of flesh for demonstration and
for show

To other students, and obtained
from them

Applause and cheers. So must we
now detach

From chains dead bodies of our
sciences.

Servetus. You are impatient with
the master style

Of teaching; our instructors you
regard

As bubbles in the froth of
Aristotle

And Galen. Here one can but urge
you on.

Vesalius. In our dissection
chambers, destitute

In marrow of true knowledge
 without fear,
 Assistants yield to view less
 matter than
 We usually behold in butcher
 stalls,
 Confused heaps of bundles
 mocking us.
 In irksome anatomic seances,
 We are exposed to ill-cut viscera,
 To spindly nerves, prepared by
 barbers, toads
 Of torpor, idle staring messengers
 Of rare incompetence. We hear
 the drones
 Of negligence from old
 professors' tongues,
 Old eyes fixed on old books, old
 ears with dust
 Filmed over, carcasses worse than
 their themes.
Servetus. So may most doctors
 learn, and surgeons, too.
Vesalius. Nice surgery is now a
 hated craft.
 Practicians heap on servants
 ignorant,
 Whom they call surgeons, noblest
 tasks of all,
 Preparing and amending body's
 shape.
 They limit their rich duty to the
 form
 Of false prescriptions, which more
 often kill
 Than remedy, to our deserved
 shame.
Servetus. We can but treat ill what
 we cannot see.

Vesalius. Neglect of structure of
 the bones and nerves,
 Of muscles and of veins, is gloated
 on.
 Our doctors lead in mists of
 slumber barks
 Of sapience, pilots in a deeper
 dream
 Than those they mean to guide to
 safety.
 Our wholesome medicine declines
 her head
 In suporific visions or in death.
 She lives in a dark night and
 names the smoke
 Of morning light. Our doctors also
 show
 More faith in Galen's errors than
 they do
 In their own eyes, in ancient
 Galen, sport
 Of monkeys and of dogs, in Galen
 who
 Confounds the human with the
 animal.
Servetus. Indeed, our best
 instructor, as we are,
 Forbidden to dissect the human
 form!

Enter Amargar

Amargar. Careful Paris students,
 hail!
Servetus. Who is this?
Vesalius. A fool, formerly a student
 here.
Amargar. My name is Amargar
 Aguar, a bad student but a good
 courtier, otherwise known as a

good fool, as I'll shortly prove in his imperial majesty's court.

Vesalius. I dream to reach Toledo as well as you, physician in the court, no fool, although I admit that the two professions seem alike.

Servetus. Why does the would-be courtier lie on our study table?

Amargar. To simulate the usual outcome of your interventions.

Vesalius. Sad corpse, lie very still upon our board

And let us dim these lights.

Beyond the grave,

Say what you wish. Do you complain of us?

Amargar. Thank you, physicians; your kind care was worse

Than my disease; your science killed me well.

So, many thanks to your solicitude,

Which cuts off to the root all suffering

In this hard life, with dolours suffocated.

Now that I lie as carcass of your skill,

Dissect my skin, chop often and cut neat,

Expose to view, with scalpel and with knife,

Veins, muscles, fibers, for the weal

Of ablest students, who, too late for me,

Should treat their patients in a prettier way

Than what their predecessors could achieve.

From dead and horrid flesh, let newer lights

Emerge, so that all women and all men

May live a longer period than I could.

Vesalius. I thank you.- Draw the curtain, Servetus.

The fool has lived his day; now comes our own.

(Servetus draws the curtain)

Act 1. Scene 3. A street in Geneva.

1538

Enter Farel and Calvin

Farel. Banished from the city!

Calvin. Religious shame casts down her eyes and smiles

In disbelief and sorrow.

Farel. That council, which but seemed religious,

Selects unleavened bread for blessed meals.

The noble pastor, Coraud, whose dear heart

And spirit is as full of light as his dull eyes

Are void, incapable of form, refuses-

Calvin. Is sent to prison.

Farel. You protest: who would not?

Calvin. And as a result of that, the Council of the Two-Hundred and the Council General interdict my sermons.

Farel. Not allowed to preach? How can we live?

Calvin. They forbid access to my own self. In Geneva, where Calvin is Calvin, I'm asked to live like Calvin without Calvin.

Enter Perrin and Berthelier

Farel. Do you see how they smile at us?

Calvin. Do you see how they mock us?

Exeunt Perrin and Berthelier

Farel. Berthelier influences.

Calvin. Perrin caresses councils with tavern axioms.

Farel. The pope of drunkards is without power against us.

Calvin. Because we are we.

Farel. Execrable intemperate shafts of loose behaviors!

Calvin. Epicurians fattening in mires fouller than contaminated churches!

Farel. Perrin and Berthelier submit to no religion: how can they be given positions of authority?

Calvin. Berthelier and Perrin submit to no authority: how can they be religious?

Farel. We fulminate against those who esteem

Themselves free from morality, from all

Constraints, from any type of bond at all,

Except the sordid laws of mouth and groin.

Calvin. Our atheists strut in smoky labyrinths

Without an exit, where they idly eat

Their vomit, which they call the food of life.

Farel. We'll chastise with mouths if not with arms.

Calvin. Let us seek the truth. The members of our councils forget, or perhaps never learned, the corruptions of our evil nature, the horrible malediction of our thoughts. The human mind is a shop full of idols.

Farel. The human mind is also a peasant of slow, heavy, and brutal ignorance, a disfigured and falsified image of devotion, a pierced plank on a turbulent sea, a wormlet, infecting others and itself.

Calvin. Our sole wish is to see the word emblazoned.

Farel. What must be done?

Calvin. In remembrance of Christ, let us sit and eat bread, sit and drink wine, not in pagan adoration on our knees, not, cannibal-like, gorging on supposed flesh, but supping with friends.

Farel. Where will you go?

Calvin. To Strasbourg for more combats.

Farel. Not where the Catholic mass is celebrated in vile sacrifices to idolatry, where priests honor

without honor and praise without praise.

Calvin. Animated by admirable frenzy, we exclaim against such errors. Lift buttocks from seats of dishonor, Christians, and hurl yourselves with us into the arms of one for whom we bear all, suffer all.

Exeunt Farel and Calvin

Act 1. Scene 4. A street in Toledo.
1543

Enter Vesalius and Damon

Vesalius. Yes, sir, I completed my doctorate and was immediately nominated to the chair of anatomy and surgery at the University of Padua. My "Six anatomic tables" I offered to his imperial majesty, from whom I expect to receive just recompense with a physician's position in court.

Damon. Your most recent work, I hear, is likely to ravish the ears of fame.

Vesalius. "The fabric of the human body" describes for the first time the complete morphology of bones, muscles, blood vessels, nerves, and viscera.

Damon. I promise to study with diligence that book at least an hour before I die. In the meantime, youth must be

indulged with loving sport and pastime.

Vesalius. What play do you aim at?

Damon. Olivares' elder daughter.

Vesalius. I never met that beauty.

Damon. On a distant island, her father warmed his wife's bed with the lustiest thick-lipped slave he owned and brought the infant back with him to Spain.

Vesalius. You are fortunate to possess her.

Damon. She possesses me and, because of that, my delight increases even more.

Vesalius. Many men, and women, too, eye her with desire.

Damon. Her frizzly hair, thin lips, and unflat nose combine into an altar attracting a multitude of pilgrims to her many times consecrated mount of love.

Vesalius. Her face, her body?

Damon. Half white, half black, all woman.

Vesalius. I assume she can give pleasure.

Damon. She blows on my dearest member more than Afric heat.

Vesalius. Voluptuous?

Damon. I have many times tasted to a full satisfaction her hairy ring of pleasure, shaking my complete anatomy into such a violence as few men or even beasts ever know. Avoid cadavers, Vesalius, and make such bodies your entire subject-matter.

Vesalius. Too trivial a subject for my grave studies.

Damon. Her dallying hands give supreme pleasure even with our garments on. With her, to sully our clothes is a joy.

Vesalius. I assume she's virtuous, too.

Damon. When I first saw her, because I never promised marriage, she stopped my hands, but with a resistance desiring to be vanquished.

Vesalius. There man's wishes lie.

Damon. She re-invents pleasure, no woman before her knowing any.

Vesalius. Compared with yours, I rub my body on stones and nettles and call those a wife's attractions.

Enter Lenora, jumping into Damon's arms

Lenora. Cast me into hell, God; my paradise is here.

Damon. My little pit of Venus!

Lenora. In all his parts, my largest man!

Damon. My heated heaven on earth!

Lenora. The most loving branch of a tall and mighty tree!

Damon. Prepare to be pricked by him.

Lenora. I'll not bleed because of him.

Damon. I know it and I love what I know.

Vesalius. I'm the fifth wheel on this careering coach.

Exit Vesalius

Lenora. Because of a loathed sister's delation, last night's pleasures were prevented.

Damon. Afric child of Priapus, we'll avenge that misadventure with a trick. Away from sight into these bushes!

Exeunt Damon and Lenora, enter Olivares and Grisilda

Olivares. You did well to warn me of Damon's premeditated assault against Lenora's unspotted and cold reputation.

Grisilda. A man's best way is a woman's worst way.

Olivares. Daughter, you see my boat lie at anchor; do not for any reason take your eyes away from it. I must cross the river tonight for important business. Stay here and let no one steal it, in pity of your nether parts if not of me. You are warned.

Exit Olivares and re-enter Damon

Damon. Do I behold Grisilda?

Grisilda. The beautiful Damon!

Damon. My beauty must be yours.

Grisilda. How? Are you not my sister's?

Damon. A screen for fools to gape at.

Grisilda. She's fairer than I am.

Damon. But less virtuous. Grisilda, you are far from capturing the

face of beauty, but yet a man may find solace between your thighs. Come, help me.

Grisilda. How may I help the resourceful Damon?

Damon. I'm unable to advance farther along the road, my ass being caught in brambles.

Grisilda. What should I do?

Damon. Fetch me twigs, for I must drive my ass forward with heat. Do it and I promise that you'll bear the entire weight of Damon's love for at least one night. In these bushes, I'll clasp your own and you can guess that's pleasure for any woman.

Grisilda. A pleasure I, poor fool, have never known. Virginity's my aging idiot with the wry and sad smile. I go. You'll carefully watch the boat?

Damon. Do I have eyes that see? eyes that see you as you are, *Grisilda.* When you return, the moon is sure to rejoice at your cries.

Exit *Grisilda* and re-enter *Lenora*

Lenora. Does it take?

Damon. The line in her mouth, soon to choke for air.

Lenora. I'll lug the boat away.

Damon. Row blithely and laugh.

Exit *Lenora* and enter *Amargar*

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Amargar. Why do you laugh even before a fool opens his mouth?

Damon. I out-amargar you, *Amargar.*

Amargar. Impossible!

Damon. Listen and wonder at woman's credulity: *Grisilda*, on pain of a merciless whipping, was warned to watch her father's boat, and yet, beyond those trees, watch *Lenora* gleefully row off with it.

Amargar. O, the pretty wiles of lovers!

Damon. The to-be-surprised-and-angry father! Into the thicket quickly!

Exeunt *Damon* and *Amargar* and re-enter *Olivares*

Olivares. Ha! My boat! Where?

Re-enter in haste *Grisilda* with twigs, then slowing down

Many thanks. You offer with happy prescience the choicest way to awful punishment. Did I not tell you to watch the boat? Look, it is gone.

Grisilda. Ah, no!

Olivares. Should not waywardness discover well-merited correction and redden at both ends? Hold this mirror. Before I strike, lift your skirts and gaze in melancholy at your back parts, for you'll never see such lovely shapes again. I'll make a new

anatomy of them. Come to bear witness whether birch can make the buttocks of levity glow to obedience. Hum! Hazel is good, too. For added suppleness, soak thoroughly each branch in the stream, not salty enough by far for my uses. We'll examine together variegated shapes of red on white.

Exeunt Olivares and Grisilda, weeping, re-enter Damon and Amargar

Damon. Is this good fooling?

Amargar. I envy your wit. Compared with this invention, a court fool has none.

Damon. Lenora's near, I think, but this father looks farther off, almost to heaven, while his daughters often lie below in their blood.

Amargar. His vision is now limited to very low places. I begin to worry that you'll steal my rightful position in court, gained at the expense of much effort in laughing sports.

Damon. No, Amargar, I prefer the role of lover.

Amargar. A lover is a fool, too.

Damon. I grant you that.

Amargar. And I know a fool can be a lover, having recently tasted a few serving women's charms at court.

Damon. Do they bend so low?

Amargar. They do, but not so low as Grisilda.

Damon. Very likely.

Amargar. Both sisters are in tears.

Re-enter Lenora

Damon. Is this mirth?

Lenora. I weep at this fortunate event.

Damon. She handed him a giant's armful of twigs.

Lenora. All of which my father will wear out before he does. Happy days of recreation! Only in amusements can we say we live.

Damon. Right.

Lenora. I beg you, rods of supple birch, let her not escape this time with babyish sniffing and faint rubbing of the eye. Whistle heavily on bare flesh, cut it into fine bloody morsels, flay it to the calves, O, do, do, do. Let us next behold a face muddied in tears, buttocks and thighs like a single wound of exposed muscle. Ah, I beg you, on my knees I pray, do it this one time.

Damon. Is this no fervent prayer? Who says you lack religion?

(Blows and cries are heard)

Lenora. O, listen: he starts already.

Damon. And with zeal, it appears. Let no one accuse me as a liar: did I not tell Grisilda she would cry out?

Lenora. Blows on her body are my music. I hug myself in pleasure. Hear the swoosh of un pitying twigs, hear a sister's unpitied cries and pleadings. Now she feels the smart of the most meager sticklet, well-deserved recompense for her treacheries. My sister will no sitter on this day.

Damon. Perhaps not next month either. The blood she loses is infused in me where I wish it to go. Come.

Lenora. Her pain should become our titillating joy. Let us share swelling fruits of passion, to be squeezed deep in all our ducts. I lift my petticoat for a different reason than hers, and not for pissing either. Feel with hasty fingers how I moisten already. Come inside the bush and then inside the bush, and quickly, for this old father tires far too quickly. I have a little something for you, sir, which should cause your bulkiest part to spurt out the most virile of juices.

Exeunt Damon and Lenora, re-enter Vesalius

Vesalius. A girl is thoroughly beaten, probably for a small fault at worst.

Amargar. Her only crime was to love a man.

Vesalius. What madman cuts his daughter so?

Amargar. A physician like Vesalius, fame's minion, with an interest in anatomy.

Vesalius. But only in the lower regions.

Amargar. What wonder is there in that? Vesalius has revealed to anatomists for all times general features of the human body; we now require only specialists for the finer details.

Vesalius. Is it Olivares?

Amargar. The grave Olivares.

Vesalius. He tears the pages he should study.

Amargar. He seeks to discover whether a daughter is more obedient without her arse.

Vesalius. We loathe such vivisections.

Amargar. The doctor will soon need the surgeon.

Vesalius. Is this not the usual way of human folly? To suffer and to make others suffer for no reason at all: we like it.

Amargar. More entertaining than vacuous indolence.

Vesalius. What can this silence bode?

Amargar. A careful practitioner verifies whether his patient lives.

Exeunt Vesalius and Amargar, re-enter Damon and Lenora

Lenora. This was no love-making, but a kind of sweet explosion. My face is as flushed with pleasance as my sister's arse with dolor.

Damon. So is mine, and not from shame. Should we not return?

Lenora. Have you not had enough? Yet, if that's so,

Why do I want you to have even more?

Coarse voluptuaries are my priests.

Damon. Is there a part of us that does not burn with pleasure?

Lenora. The big one: give me that, I ask no more.

Re-enter Amargar

Say, Amargar: does my sister show her teeth at least?

Amargar. She grimaces as if she tasted wood at either end.

Lenora. Her eyes water a little?

Amargar. Hear.

(Loud cries and sounds of weeping are heard

Can one weep without tears?

Lenora. She loses much in liquids, then?

Amargar. She sheds tears and drools at one end, bleeds at another, and pisses in fear between the two.

Lenora. All my desires are fulfilled.

(Olivares' voice: Up, girl, up; your knees must never kiss the ground, lest my rods kiss as if they never began; that's best for you; you should have sat beside my boat

with what may never be sat on again; up, up, and quickly, or else I'll be very angry at you.

Damon. Is the flow a rivulet at least?

Amargar. Unlike her expectations, she tastes not the blandishment of new-found love, but sharper sensations too well known; she hugs not a man's shoulder with pleasure, but her own knees in pain; she gazes not proudly on her lover's eyes and heaven, but humbly on her shoes and grass; she hears not a handsome young man sigh against her ear, but an ugly old man puffing at a distance; she hopes not for more vigorous thrusts that last long, but for feebler whacks that end soon; blood does not trickle with happiness between her thighs, but flows in misery down to her heels.

Lenora. As happy a day as anyone can wish for!

(Olivares' voice: My rods sweat and yet their work is far from finished; up, girl, up; with another fall we start over.

Damon. I fear my reputation as a truthful man will be impugned.

Amargar. Indeed, Grisilda has a good reason to complain of your faith.

Lenora. O, multiple ones, but she'll be unable to show most of them.

Damon. I'm safe, then?

Lenora. Be true to me and you may rest secure.

Damon. I will.

Amargar. I like to hear tender exchanges of lovers' vows.

(*Olivares'* voice: Now the hands, girl, the hands; let us see whether blood is of the same color there. *Grisilda's* voice: No, no, do not quite kill me, sir; I ply needles with them. *Olivares'* voice: Ha! Ha! Your feet, then? *Grisilda's* voice: No, no, because I walk with them, sir. *Olivares'* voice: Walk on your knees henceforth.

Lenora. I hope he'll stop short of shredding the entire body.

Damon. If he tread on her face, he can only improve it.

Amargar. I like charity in lovers. O, the sweetest voices!

(Blows and shrieks are heard

Lenora. Well, now, this grows at last to tediousness. What should we do for the rest of this evening?

Damon. In good faith, I do not know.

Re-enter *Olivares*

Olivares. I have done. She does not move. Prepare a litter and call my surgeon. Did I not observe him walk sadly by?

Exeunt *Lenora* and *Damon*

My rods are weary and broken; see how they weep when I shake them.

Amargar. You are too lenient with her.

Olivares. Proof of my love, *Amargar.* Call me an old sentimental weakling if you wish, but yet I can only bestir myself to chastise faults, not persons.

Amargar. And yet our chest sometimes receives a bullet which is no more than a wad of paper.

Olivares. A father is worth obedience, I hope.

Enter the lazy tutor and the diligent tutor, bearing *Grisilda*, bloody

This way, master tutors.

Diligent tutor. We follow diligently.

Lazy tutor. We must, if for no wittier reason than to obtain a famished roll of coins some people call a salary.

Olivares. This way, and cheerfully, sirs, cheerfully.

Exeunt *Olivares*, *Amargar*, and tutors, bearing out *Grisilda*, re-enter *Damon* and *Lenora*

Lenora. The night to us is a starry sky of pleasure.

Damon. We deserve a sweaty bed for all that work.

Exeunt Damon and Lenora

Act 2. Scene 1. A street in Geneva.
1543

Enter Farel and Calvin

Farel. We return retuned to Geneva, where our enemies' competing noise languish again.

Calvin. Thus ebb and flow the humors of republics.

Enter Perrin and Berthelier

Farel. Do you perceive sadness?

Calvin. Do you note impatience?

Exeunt Perrin and Berthelier

Farel. I beg you for a second time: remain in Geneva.

Calvin. I no longer belong to myself. Heart in hand, prompt and sincere, I accept.

Farel. My charge is Neufchâtel, where we'll see much of each other.

Calvin. I promise to rage in full force in this city and with fire. We scour rebellious thoughts with boiling pots of doctrine.

Farel. A promise of music to my ears! In Geneva, you should do more than invite; you should seek to punish as well. Force the nonchalant to defecate through more than one hole and to sit miserably on the product. Time

presses us and we are constantly beset with dangers of the liberal life, on which you know the people will fall all too readily; like a stream descending downhill in a frothy and avid flow, most of them cannot help but follow the easy path to indistinctness and irresolution.

Calvin. Whenever we travel by water, does not the boat wish to drown us? When we stand beside a house, does not each tile want to strike our head? When we draw out our sword, does it not long to cut our hands to death?

Farel. We understand the seriousness of our endeavors.

Calvin. Consider men and women like letters inside an envelope of death, whose characters are in confusions nearly blotted out. A few words understood or not is all the difference between delivery to the house of salvation or to the caverns of the lost- no, the position of a single word in a sentence.

Farel. You promote new ideas in our college.

Calvin. For seventy hours each week, the life of our students is somewhat regulated: up in summer months well before dawn, prayers in groups, courses in grammar, rhetoric, and mathematics, at long last diluted pottage for dinner, with exercise of the lungs in loud psalms for an hour, then back to courses,

punishments of the day, if any, to be administered, followed by more prayers, frugal meat, and bed. Our discipline of chastisements is known by most to be a model pattern in rigor. When gentle rebukes, frowns, and threatening gestures fail, the student is courteously invited to remove superfluous cloth, then, with head low and buttocks high, we next behold him rock unsteadily at each stroke from an arm that swings with vigor, earless to cries of desperation, until both cheeks seethe, with every part intensely burnished, after considerable time the sobbing wretch sent limping off, hiccupping, and smarting to his dish of bread and water. Thus, every child is taught at the earliest age to fear and hate his lazy pillow. However, last week, I sent away one of my pastors for excessive abuse against the smaller ones.

Farel. We frown to see our educators fatten on student tears.

Calvin. I was exposed in my youth to a similar program at the Parisian college of Montaigu and saw pupils of great hope led to mutilation, self-killing, blindness, and dementia. This must somehow be prevented.

Farel. Well thought on.

Calvin. On Sundays, we preach two sermons in the morning and

for further edification a re-sermon in the afternoon.

Farel. Well.

Calvin. Moreover, we patiently explain my new catechism, in the form of fifty-five dialogues between pastor and child, a little more than one each week for the entire year.

Farel. Apt and complete.

Calvin. Give us wood and steel and we'll send back arrows.

Farel. Gladly.

Exeunt Farel and Calvin

Act 2. Scene 2. Olivares' house in Toledo. 1543

Enter Damon and Lenora

Lenora. I begin to repent a little of our cruelties towards my sister.

Damon. No!

Lenora. Vehemently. Something more must be done to her.

Damon. She suffers still?

Lenora. Many groan in pity at seeing her walk, if one can call it walking. To sit she cannot yet dream of.

Damon. How do you intend to relieve her pains?

Lenora. With this ointment.

Damon. The salty cream that almost killed your wounded cat last week?

Lenora. That.

Damon. Too much foolery even for my bowels.

Exit Damon and enter Grisilda

Lenora. Grisilda, you best know how tenderly our father cares for us. As our soul's physician, he takes out blood, to prevent any chance of our lying in the end on hell's eternal sick-bed.

Grisilda. This house is the only hell and we are in it.

Lenora. You show impatience, I see, towards the best of masters.

Grisilda. His grave teachings give me buttocks like a butcher's prize in thin bloody slices. Since last week's pitiless lashing, I sit on my knees or belly.

Lenora. Lift your smock a little.- I muse to see a thing of white so red, resembling more closely the tortured motions of quivering salmon than any human form. You are now no doubt well schooled for prudent dealing. Let me apply on wounds a soldier would be proud of my novel potion.

Grisilda. O, do, Lenora! I'm repunished whenever I advance a step, and my only fault was belief in man.

Lenora. A man can thrust but never can be trusted. Lie still. This gell may somewhat relieve you.

Grisilda. Cover them entirely.

Lenora. Never fear my sisterly care.

Grisilda. Ah, I burn, I burn.

Lenora. Only for the briefest moment.

Grisilda. (weeping

I burn, ah, ah, ah, I'm scalded excessively.

Lenora. Wait patiently until the medication takes effect.

Grisilda. (running about and jumping

Unbearable pain, pain unthinkable! Ah, ah! I live in hell, in hell, I rot in hell.

Enter Olivares with a missel-book

Olivares. Who dares to cry out and disturb my religious readings and meditations? Is it you, Grisilda? Have you not been aggrieved enough with smarting cuts? Do you lack scars and welts?

Grisilda. No, I bear enough of those to discourage a thousand offending reprobates.

Olivares. Your legs and buttocks seem to beg for a wider surface of punishment, or to yearn for macerations on top of macerations. Do you raise your voice, mistress? Do you talk loudly, hah? I can give you such reasons for roaring as would sicken a hangman's stomach and make him bend his knees in cold fear.

Grisilda. A daughter's humbled.

Lenora. To the fearful, humility is no virtue.

Exeunt Olivares, Lenora, and Grisilda

Act 2. Scene 3. A street in Geneva.
1543

Enter Farel, with a book, and Calvin

Farel. Your "institution of Christianity" is a rare example of how men and women should ever live, in fear and hope, as well as an encouragement to our suffering brothers in France.

Calvin. We translate bookish institutions into society's laws.

Farel. Under your influence, I smile to see the nonchalant wince and the arrogant whimper.

Calvin. Prompt and sincere, I do, while others only say what should be done.

Farel. Yet you know the councils may at any time be rid of you.

Calvin. We harbor better hopes for our citizens than in dark times of the liberal past.

Farel. We breathe more freely when sinners choke.

Calvin. The city of God is found; its name is Geneva.

Exeunt Farel and Calvin

Act 2. Scene 4. The Spanish court
in Toledo. 1543

Enter Olivares, with a Bible, and Damon

Damon. I have a proposition for you, sir.

Olivares. What dare you ask of me?

Damon. I intend to marry Lenora, the female fruit of your concupiscence.

Olivares. I hear you, sir.

Damon. Lenora, Toledo's orange, prime attraction of too many men's mouths, Lenora, where all my thoughts and fingers aim at.

Olivares. A father has many reasons to fear that, because she was not conserved in a cool place, the orange is spotted.

Damon. Who says so?

Olivares. A lynx has eyes, ears, and teeth. I fear you have already dug into virgin treasure, arising from her bed not heavier with riches but lighter in your mores.

Damon. This Moor I love.

Olivares. I fear the Moor is sullied more darkly than her skin.

Damon. All the more reason for you to yield her to me.

Olivares. I'll give you- I'll give you a well-considered answer tomorrow.

Damon. Well, sir.

Exit Damon and enter Amargar

Olivares. As a doctor of the soul as well as of the body, I can no longer bear to see you lie in such a perilous state, Amargar, but must urgently speak to you- no, plead with you concerning the ill health of your soul, rotting, I fear, at our Spanish court, and buried

in the enticing flesh of ladies-in-waiting, dames of honor, and servant girls. I can see you, Amargar; I often see you lightly glance at all those women of the female sex. Moreover, I have with tears observed the turpitude of your constant debaucheries: men with women, men with men, women with women, grappling together in deplorable bunches of grape, till exhaustion releases the clasp and hold of your embraces. How may we describe your title but as a courtier whose only purpose is to make people laugh at follies and commit them laughingly? Have you no sense of the futility for this kind of life?

Amargar. Never, because I glory in my innumerable skills.

Olivares. One example, fool.

Amargar. I'm excellent at stifling farts.

Olivares. A lonely talent, for no one suspects it. Nevertheless, to a saint's nostrils, your entire mode of living is a defecation. Tell the truth: why do you always disobey God's commandments?

Amargar. He never appeared at my door to say: "Here I am, Amargar; do this."

Olivares. Vile courtier, we hear him in the scriptures.

Amargar. Which scriptures?

Olivares. These, where all studies begin, end, and begin. We learn that the disciples in a large crowd possessed some little fish and

seven loaves of bread, or else two little fish and five loaves of bread and yet a multitude ate and all of them were satisfied.

Amargar. Were the people at that time smaller than little fish?

Olivares. You entirely mistake our common interpretation. They ate because the food was multiplied.

Amargar. Or rather they ate because the food was divided.

Olivares. I mean that the food was multiplied as it was divided, or else divided as it was multiplied.

Amargar. How may I understand you?

Olivares. Let us try another pretty tale.

Amargar. On pretty tails, I expel greater volumes of seed than most men's urine.

Olivares. So, fool, will you be damned forever? Hear me.

Amargar. Absorbingly.

Olivares. We hear from Matthew that after our savior's birth the family fled to Egypt and we learn from Luke that the family stayed in Palastine. The shepherds praised, or were not seen; the wise men adored, or did not come. In any case, to feed in isles of bliss, we sail on a boat named Jesus.

Amargar. I ride more comfortably on a boat called Vulva.

Olivares. After moral instructions, he's the cheese assuring good digestion.

Amargar. I read moralities on tits, assuring good ejaculation.

Olivares. He bore scourging with patience.

Amargar. I use my post for a different purpose.

Olivares. On the mount Calvary of our mind, we nail sins and dry up ambitions.

Amargar. On the mount of Venus, I plant a more pleasant cross.

Olivares. The blind see him, the deaf hear him, the paralyzed move with him.

Amargar. When we strike a blind man in the face, he sees points of light: is that your god, Olivares?

Olivares. Beware, Amargar; in Toledo, we have whips for adultery, chains for blasphemy, and fires for heresy, fit presages for the painful after-life. There you'll sweat before cold impassive angels with a shirt of sulfur in rising degrees of heat, there you'll wish for death and not find it. The worst of life is death, but the worst of death is life.

Amargar. I'll meditate on that while roasting chestnuts.

Exit Amargar and enter Grisilda

Olivares. Come nearer, Grisilda; I fear I'm ill heard today, or, to my despair and melancholy, perhaps not convincing enough, despite the rareness of the subject matter. I may have better luck with you.

Let us painfully meditate on the benefits of virginity.

Grisilda. I know none.

Olivares. Do you hate your honor?

Grisilda. It pains me.

Olivares. Is it not beautiful suffering? How many women idly wish to return to who you are! Do they know man? Ask them: many retch at eating garbage when delectable food once provided their whole feast, many sit and sigh on hearing noise when long ago music made them dance and sing.

Grisilda. I hate every part of man, except the one I do not know.

Olivares. I'm beginning to develop a headache.

Exit Olivares and enter Lenora

Lenora. Has our father bent you yet to obedience? His tongue is known to teach almost as sharply as his hands.

Grisilda. Stiff-kneed impudence always carries the day.

Lenora. He keeps Andromeda in chains on the rock of his supposed salvation, secure from the sea-monster swimming in men's turbulent and unprincipled blood. Yet a naked Perseus you must despair of, for the Gorgon's on your face, not on his shield.

Grisilda. We complain of the cold only in warm countries, we complain of the heat only in cold countries, because for better or

worse we adapt ourselves to circumstance. If we soil our streets with rubbish, citizens first bemoan their fate and curse authority; one week later, they spend pleasant evenings while sitting on moldy cardboard.

Lenora. Here comes the new candidate for a physician's post in his imperial majesty's service.

Enter Vesalius

So, sir. Do you return to examine our sister's painful parts?

Grisilda. They despair at being amended by physicians instead of being caressed by lovers.

Vesalius. No, the wounds have almost completely healed at last.

Lenora. We observe with delight that studies in anatomy have practical uses.

Grisilda. I wish my father would not transform my buttocks so often into an anatomist's manual of instruction.

Lenora. We are grateful that he spares her face at least.

Grisilda. Some say he should mar that and spare my handsomer parts.

Lenora. Abandoned profligates speak in this way. What, would you have buttocks as a face?

Grisilda. Its beauty would be enhanced.

Lenora. Now you become a worse tyrant against yourself than he. What comes out from your mouth

is rarely as filthy as what emerges from there.

Grisilda. With buttocks for a face, I would save time, having no need to lift my skirts when my intestines are full.

Lenora. And if you wrap your face in linen, a man is unlikely to guess your intentions, always to a woman's advantage when she's more in love with deceit than she is with him.

Vesalius. You may thereby become Spain's most secret spy, as few informers would dare to peep inside your robes, in fear of being discovered as vicious traitors.

Lenora. I conceive some disadvantages, too. In church, you would mouth strange prayers.

Vesalius. Unless she keeps in tune with trumpet music.

Grisilda. I'm marvelously distracted during mass. If my face lie hidden below, I can yawn without being seen.

Lenora. Makes faces at the vicar.

Grisilda. Sleep during his sermon with no fear of admonishment.

Vesalius. Nevertheless, as a Christian, she would be expected to kneel at the communion table.

Lenora. Where the vicar could choose between two places to put his wafer in.

Vesalius. Then it would be unreasonable on his part to complain.

Lenora. All the more so as we read in Matthew that the head is

promised to the bottom and the bottom to the head.

Grisilda. That wafer should best enter in the least fortified place.

Lenora. Words that put to shame any virgin martyr we adore.

Re-enter Olivares

Olivares. My pains worsen when I see this smooth Apollo.

Vesalius. Olivares, you are not well?

Olivares. In better health when you are away.

Vesalius. Should I disappear from the world to please you?

Olivares. Although aging eyes prefer not to behold beardless Aesculapius, they are urgently commanded to state business. One of the servants died in this room this morning. Here's the body freshly prepared for our inspections.

(Emilia's corpse is revealed)

Vesalius. I know her.

Olivares. Emilia collapsed at the breakfast table and brutally succumbed without warning.

Vesalius. The cause of her death?

Olivares. That's what we are asked to discover.

Lenora. I played cards with her last evening.

Grisilda. O, fearful!

Vesalius. (drawing the bed-curtain

I can quickly determine the cause of death.

Olivares. Daughters, learn from this event our life's brief sickness. Today, we drink, shout in laughter, and snort at sacred texts; tomorrow, a knife is plunged into us and bored eyes examine one at a time our organs piled on top of each other.

Lenora. Emilia is sadly pricked this afternoon.

Grisilda. That prick's too cool for me.

Olivares. Where lies our hope? Ha? Is it not in heaven?

Lenora. She swore a man would see her naked form.

Grisilda. Applaud her prescience, for indeed today

A man beholds her naked, but she is

Much quieter than she anticipated,

Less like a woman than an emptied clump.

Olivares. Where goes the idle business of our lives?

Does it not sink into the shallow pit?

Lenora. She wished to sweat and smile on a hot bed.

Grisilda. She's cheated of her wish, for where she lies

Few women sweat, though grinning on cold sheets

With sunken cheeks by probing tweezers pulled.

Olivares. O, fortune! O, brief pleasures! What are these?

We climb on fortune's wheel, look
out from it

From a great height, and then this
awful wheel

Turns round, and to the bottom
we must sink,

Crushed by the weight of our
ambitions.

Lenora. She hoped a man would
enter into her.

Grisilda. Her wish is granted. At
this very hour,

A man has entered into her, but
with

A harder instrument than she
expected.

Olivares. Say: are life's pleasures
pleasures? Tantalus

Receives more fruitful waters than
we do.

Lenora. She dreamt her head with
blossoms would be crowned.

Grisilda. And so it will, a coffin as
her groom,

The nails as bridesmaids, and the
solemn priest

Like wormy earth, to feast with
ceremony.

Olivares. A general commands his
army, yet

Which general commands his life,
his death?

This foe's too strong, too
unpredictable.

Re-enter Vesalius, bloody, holding
an uterus

Vesalius. There is a yellow part in
uteri.

This must be noted; what its
function is

I cannot at the moment
understand.

Olivares. What, did Emilia's uterus
collapse?

Is that the cause of death,
Vesalius, hah?

Vesalius. No, Olivares, not her
uterus.

Her thorax was compressed by
such a tight

And bony corset that her lungs
collapsed.

Lenora. Ha!

Grisilda. Ha!

Vesalius. Thus vanity of woman's
slender arts

Is recompensed: she will be thin
enough

In her grave-clothes tonight, I'm
very sure.

Grisilda. Ah! (she faints

Olivares. Grisilda! You have killed
my daughter, sir.

Lenora. No, she but fainted. She
wears the same type

Of corset as he on Emilia found.

Olivares. Enough of trifling! Carry
her to bed.

Exeunt Vesalius, Olivares, and
Lenora, bearing out Grisilda

Act 3. Scene 1. A street in Geneva.
1543

Enter Perrin and Berthelier

Perrin. I chafe at any constraint.

Berthelier. Must we be sent to school a second time?

Perrin. I only dream I am a man; I only dream I dream in Geneva.

Berthelier. Geneva is no more Geneva, but the city of black-robed men, pale and moping, a death in life before a life in death.

Perrin. Have you heard of his reforms at the college?

Berthelier. A liberal mind must grieve at them.

Perrin. Let us form a political party to oppose Calvin.

Berthelier. Our first good idea in a month! How should we name this party?

Perrin. Because men of religion taste only the soft part of our substance, they call us artichokes.

Berthelier. We are libertines to them.

Perrin. And so let us remain.

Berthelier. Our libertine party must oust the Picardian mummer, who spoils our broth by breathing on it.

Perrin. He turns food into excrement merely by looking at it.

Berthelier. His pleasure is no pleasure. At the next election, promise Geneva to Genevans.

Perrin. Is this not our city?

Berthelier. Not since that loathsome reformer's arrival, who introduces us to hell before we die.

Perrin. Here comes religion's dark buffoon.

Berthelier. Frown at him.

Enter Calvin

Calvin. Good day to brightly colored citizens.

Perrin. Good day to our sober pastor.

Berthelier. Good day to our reserved preacher.

Calvin. I did not see you at church. You know our laws forbid that.

Berthelier. What then?

Calvin. You'll be pinched for that, sirs, and sharply, in the form of a fine, if I have any authority in Geneva.

Perrin. Ha, sanctified cur, you bear too much authority in Geneva.

Berthelier. We'll snip off a few pages from your hallowed book before we die.

Calvin. Pay the fine first.

Exit Calvin

Perrin. I could beat his extinguished face.

Berthelier. I'm out of my Christmas money now.

Perrin. That holiday is forbidden.

Berthelier. Let us drop to the ground for horses to tread on, or else send our Christian Pluto back to hell.

Exeunt Perrin and Berthelier

Act 3. Scene 2. Olivares' house in
Toledo. 1543

Enter the lazy tutor and the
diligent tutor

Lazy tutor. I see this flower, unless
I think I see this flower.

Diligent tutor. I see this flower
when I know its color, shape, and
place.

Lazy tutor. When I give the flower
a name, my pleasure is spoiled
and I do not know it anymore.

Diligent tutor. A flower is loved
only with its name.

Lazy tutor. To recognize a piece of
cheese is the mold on it.

Diligent tutor. Cheese delights
when we distinguish it from
others.

Lazy tutor. Nothing is worth the
effort, except strenuous
resistance against effort.

Diligent tutor. To work requires
no work.

Lazy tutor. Diamonds are rocks:
empty shelves define existence.

Diligent tutor. Rocks are
diamonds: full shelves define
existence.

Lazy tutor. When given two
choices, I seek a third to ridicule
the interrogator.

Diligent tutor. When given two
choices, I answer the question.

Lazy tutor. A ragged famished
child is beaten at my doorstep: I
laugh and go to bed.

Diligent tutor. A ragged famished
child is beaten at my doorstep: I
chase away the offender, clothe
him, and feed him.

Lazy tutor. A man in desperation
lifts his leg over the railing of a
bridge: I watch what happens and
continue on my way.

Diligent tutor. A man in
desperation lifts his leg over the
railing of a bridge: I shout and run
to prevent him.

Lazy tutor. Those who find the
meaning of existence never look
for it.

Diligent tutor. Those who seek the
meaning of existence have already
found it.

Lazy tutor. The most beautiful lies
are often truths.

Diligent tutor. The ugliest truths
are often lies.

Lazy tutor. I do what I wish and
that's sufficient.

Diligent tutor. Nothing satisfies,
unless I wish for what I fail to do.

Lazy tutor. I laugh at silliest lines
of great authors.

Diligent tutor. The wisdom of
great authors makes me weep.

Lazy tutor. I suffer when thinking
of pleasures I'll never know.

Diligent tutor. I rejoice at feeling
pains I can easily avoid.

Lazy tutor. I love those who love
me and hate those who hate me.

Diligent tutor. I love those who
hate me and hate those who love
me.

Lazy tutor. Sickness without pain is healthy living.

Diligent tutor. Unwillingness to suffer is our most mortal sickness.

Lazy tutor. The sun makes me dizzy and the moon becalms.

Diligent tutor. The moon makes me dream and the sun clarifies.

Lazy tutor. I sit, unless there's a reason to stand.

Diligent tutor. When I can no longer stand, I sit.

Lazy tutor. I wake up and there's nothing to do.

Diligent tutor. I'm still doing when overcome with sleep.

Lazy tutor. Even while hurried, I let go the oars and float.

Diligent tutor. I row against the current even when my goal is on the opposite side.

Lazy tutor. No certitude exists and I'm glad of it.

Diligent tutor. I'm saddened by truths never to be revealed.

Lazy tutor. Because I must die, today's weather does not matter.

Diligent tutor. I wish to know tomorrow's weather, though I die today.

Lazy tutor. I skip over pages I do not understand.

Diligent tutor. When I understand a passage, I buy another book that explains it.

Lazy tutor. I try to forget everything I was taught in school.

Diligent tutor. What I never learned in school will always be remembered.

Lazy tutor. I never think of thinking.

Diligent tutor. When I do not think, I'm not.

Enter Lenora and Grisilda

Lenora. Now, sirs, you are for us.

Lazy tutor. Ever bound to your pleasures.

Grisilda. Except the one I wish for most.

Diligent tutor. Yours, mistress, in any allowed endeavor.

Exeunt the diligent tutor and Grisilda

Lenora. What's our lesson of the day?

Lazy tutor. Nothing.

Lenora. My favorite subject!

Lazy tutor. As your tutor, I request you to abandon yourself totally to pleasure.

Lenora. I need no pricking on my way towards the male animal.

Lazy tutor. I also recommend that you carelessly strut on the lazy path of indifference, lest I report disobedience to your father and you know his harshness, easily angered into some heat.

Lenora. To be truthful, I do not love him.

Lazy tutor. Is it possible?

Lenora. Be astonished further: I think I dislike him a little.

Lazy tutor. Behold a wooden block of wonder.

Lenora. I'll speak more plainly: I do not care if he choke himself to death on a chicken bone for several hours.

Exeunt Lenora and the lazy tutor,
re-enter running the diligent tutor
with a book thrown at his head,
followed by Grisilda

Grisilda. My answer to your axiom.

Diligent tutor. A scholar is misunderstood even by his own books.

Grisilda. A girl should always obey her parents? Is that your interpretation of our text, sir?

Diligent tutor. I considered that a reasonable answer, but you have convinced me otherwise.

Grisilda. Show me no reason for unreasons, too diligent tutor. What sad forms of education are women subjected to! Had I as much beard on my chin as on my pubis, I would be further advanced in the world.

Diligent tutor. I believe you.

Exeunt Grisilda and the diligent tutor, enter Olivares and Damon

Olivares. So, sir, you hope for marriage with my daughter?

Damon. I expect it.

Olivares. You did not hesitate on July nights

To pick the apple-custard from my tree:

She was not sour? You did not retch at that?

You pierced her basket, delving to the hilt

On what did not belong to you at all,

With all the precious contents spilled away

On the dank ground. You did not wait your turn,

But ate seed-cake before the well-cooked meat.

You tore the first page of her book, and now

We cannot follow to the story's end.

I owned a handkerchief: you blew on it

And shredded gaudy fabric to mere thread.

I hid a pearl: you played a tennis-match

With it, and now it can be found no more.

Should I smile at this? Yet before I die,

She must be given, and so she is yours.

Damon. I thank you, sir.

Olivares. Do not permit her to be what she is

After your marriage, if you value aught

Of quiet marriages. That would be best.

Damon. I promise you.

Olivares. Take care that no man's
fingers touch your pie
While you are eating elsewhere.
Stay at home.

Enjoy your peaceful suppers with
her there.

Damon. My loves are guarantees
against a breach.

Exit Damon and enter Vesalius,
with a book

Olivares. Your fine conclusions
after autopsies
Are cheered by many. You possess
four winds

On sails that puff out to your least
command,

While we old men mope without
boat ashore.

Is that your celebrated "Fabric",
sir?

Vesalius. It is. I fly at Mainz in
swiftest haste

To greet his majesty and offer him
This book in gratitude of his
designs.

Olivares. I follow you, sir. You
hope to obtain

A permanent position in the
court?

Vesalius. I do.

Olivares. I wish you well.

Vesalius. The king has crushed
rebellion's hated face.

The duke of Cleves in Düren is
assailed

And beaten to the ground. You
know he was

Supported mightily by the French
king.

Olivares. Campains of bloody note
are now prepared

Against King Francis in Picardian
fields.

Vesalius. A doctor never lacks
work in the wars.

Olivares. I promise you that. We
mend broken arms,

Thighs, knees, feet, cauterize to
health most wounds,

Repair what cannot be repaired,
sweat hot

In russet tents. With eating often
ill,

We run at night confused we do
not know

Where, how, or why, by generals
Led, more confused than we can
ever be.

Vesalius. A youthful surgeon
would be grateful, sir,

Should he be able to count on
your care

And sound experience in these
times of peril.

Olivares. No doubt.

Exeunt Olivares and Vesalius

Act 3. Scene 3. A street in Geneva.
1547

Enter Perrin and Berthelier

Berthelier. Why is Ami sad? Why is
Ami angry?

Perrin. While I was away in France
to the king's coronation, the

consistory accused my wife of dancing, and now the council, on its recommendation, sends her to prison.

Berthelier. Ha, more infamous shame to our city!

Perrin. Calvin would like to cut off each citizen's feet, sparing the knees for his prayers.

Berthelier. Religion besmokes our lives with darkness and dreams.

Perrin. I want to sing and leap: what does justice here? I want a hearty and a copious meal: who objects?

Berthelier. After Calvin's sermons, I often sneeze, catching cold from the northern blast of his admonishments.

Perrin. I bowl while Calvin preaches.

Berthelier. His last homely complained of that.

Perrin. Assault him with words if not with deeds.

Enter Calvin

You are much to blame, Calvin, for imprisoning my wife. Is this my reward for services rendered to the state?

Calvin. Your wife scarcely follows our statutes and laughs at the gentle chidings of the consistory. Let her titter in shadows of old, cool, and ill-swept rooms.

Perrin. The consistory is a mouth, presided and abetted by the teeth of your ambitions.

Berthelier. The consistory is a Rhadamanthine cloud, welcoming citizens to a darkness never known before.

Calvin. The consistory alerts the inattentive, encourages the hesitant, sets upright the declining, and only rarely excludes, except the recalcitrant and defiant.

Enter Farel

Perrin. Revenge!

Exeunt Perrin and Berthelier

Farel. Perrin prepares against you.

Calvin. Tomorrow, Perrin will be thrown into prison, destituted of his post as captain, and accused as a traitor to Geneva for the advantage of King Henry the Second.

Farel. We hope for better religion from this king.

Calvin. We hear that, when informed of reformation's ceremonies celebrated in his house, he buffets the queen's face and lashes with cruel twigs the princess' naked buttocks.

Farel. Miserable France, governed by such a king, and what is worse, by such a religion!

Re-enter Perrin and Berthelier

Perrin. I have bad news for you, Calvin. The city council

admonishes you and other ministers of the word for negligence in your offices. Our serious magistrates frown on finding good women clapped in prison and reprove your failure to serve as good examples to the flock, ordained by your vocation. Expect letters on this subject. I now doubt that you'll be able to hold my wife in prison longer.

Calvin. Ho! Ho! I laugh at your reports.

Berthelier. Who capers now?

Perrin. (dancing)
I'll twirl if I wish.

Calvin. What is that man doing with his legs?

Farel. I fail to know as I look and wonder.

Calvin. Decency can only turn away and blush.

Farel. Piety moans.

Perrin. Is this not Priapus' very trot? no? not his very in-an-out?

Berthelier. (dancing)
I think it is. Remonstrances we laugh at.

Exeunt Perrin and Berthelier,
dancing out; enter a servant, with
a letter

Calvin. I can guess what that letter contains.- Exactly as Perrin intimated!- Here's your wage; no answer.-

Exit the servant

I marvellously hate these tavern posts,
Canaries idly chirping
blasphemies.

Hereditary flaws, corruptions are
By lucianics taken lightly, knit
To epicurians sucking on the
sweet

Wet licorice of their damnation,
Which blackens trivial souls worse
than their teeth.

Farel. Are not these worse than
raving Turkish lunes?

Calvin. Our papists warble of a
spirit without words,
And epicurians of words without
soul.

Farel. They shrug their shoulders,
say that they believe

In everything; thoughts of infinity
Are nothing multiplied by nothing
to

These scoffers, recusant and
unconcerned.

Calvin. Let our society at once
repulse

Dilution of sound doctrine, dear
delight

Of libertine souls; let it taste
instead

The truest vine. If we but empty
out

Our garners from all sensual
ravages,

Our liberal mice flee or, famished,
die.

Farel. Our reformation is no
innovation

Or base rebellion, but a
restitution.

Our states are depreoccupied with self,

Preoccupied instead with God's own words.

Calvin. Perverse unhappy nation, I contend

Against three thousand heinous heresies,

Against three thousand bold commotions.

Farel. The Anabaptists call sharp Luther tame

And pointless; infant baptism is denied,

Paid minister of cults despised. They gag

At union of religion and the state.

Calvin. They butter our evangelic bread with filth.

We will harass, afflict, and bury all.

Exeunt Farel and Calvin

Act 3. Scene 4. A street in Vienne.
1549

Enter Servetus and Amargar

Amargar. Since respite from Habsburg-Valois wars, Spanish subjects freely arrive in Vienne to discover old friends and acquaintances.

Servetus. I'm glad to see you well, Amargar.

Amargar. King Henry forms an alliance with Maurice, prince of Saxony, while our emperor's

forces contend with German Protestants and Turks.

Servetus. I heard of that.

Amargar. Servetus, we learn in Toledo that your theologic works, I mean "Errors of the trinity" and "Two dialogues of the trinity"-

Servetus. Hush, you must not speak of those here.

Amargar. Draw fire from nearly every authority of religion.

Servetus. No doubt.

Amargar. Calvin hates you, Luther abhors you, the French and Spanish Inquisition cannot hear your name without staring.

Servetus. Indeed, sir. I'm pursued by fiery wrath wherever my books appear.

Amargar. You have taken refuge with a borrowed name in Vienne?

Servetus. I have. I'm known here as De Villeneuve, physician.

Amargar. You study anatomy still.

Servetus. With Vesalius-like boldness, I correct Galen's errors, in particular the passage of blood through the lungs. Blood does not flow from the right ventricle to the left through the septum, as Galen's servile followers dream, but through the lungs instead.

Amargar. By the pulmonary arteries, then?

Servetus. Exactly, thereby conveying blood to receive air, from which vital breath is obtained. The loop closes by passage of refined blood to the

left ventricle via the pulmonary veins.

Amargar. This should be published.

Servetus. I promise you that.

Amargar. Safer advances in knowledge than your theologies, sir.

Servetus. My work in preparation incorporates anatomic observations with theologic meditations, which, like blood purified by the lungs, reconstitute Christianity to its primitive sweetness.

Amargar. Knowing Servetus, I'm confident of that.

Servetus. I should go to Geneva.

Amargar. Why? Calvin frowns on hearing but your name.

Servetus. I'm invited there by Masters Perrin and Berthelier, who wish to root out the upstart reformer, replacing him with gentler plants of sounder doctrine. But perhaps I'll be unable to.

Exeunt Servetus and Amargar

Act 4. Scene 1. A street in Geneva.
1549

Enter Perrin and Berthelier

Perrin. I know what prison is.

Berthelier. You have lost much because of the reformer, a captain's honor, body's health in horrid cells-

Perrin. But now I'm enlarged again to the world, and more widely. Elected syndic of the city council!

Berthelier. Our libertine faction triumphs and dances: Calvin must moan at this event.

Perrin. Calvin must shrink at it. His church may topple at the push of a newborn's thumb.

Berthelier. While you languished in prison, we were assailed with such moral laws as posterity must murmur on before believing.

Perrin. Without knowing much about Barabbas, I'm inclined to believe that the the right man was crucified.

Berthelier. Calvin complains of my coughing during his sermons. Very well, I'll fart instead.

Perrin. Certain to blow him from his evangelic seat.

Berthelier. Remove the razor, Calvin, and let us soothe our chin with Servetus' milder lotions.

Perrin. Here comes the gospel loon.

Enter Calvin

Berthelier. You may not sway the city council as before.

Calvin. Why not? Men of religion flow like living blood inside that civic body.

Perrin. If I have any say in the matter, its contents will be spilled in the form of urine.

Calvin. With imperious words, our comic Ceasar resists our gentlest admonition.

Perrin. We'll shake out the bitter dregs of faith from our wine vessels, reformer.

Berthelier. We'll overturn the columns of your pride, redeemer.

Calvin. Who speaks of pride but Lucifer's very agents?

Exeunt Perrin and Berthelier

Awake, indolent Christians, and fight with me.

Exit Calvin

Act 4. Scene 2. The Spanish court
in Toledo. 1553

Enter Damon and Lenora

Damon. He follows you.

Lenora. No.

Damon. He incites you.

Lenora. No.

Damon. I have eyes that see.

Lenora. Only gazing at the mirrors of your jealousy.

Damon. Carlos is your darling boy.

Lenora. Not so.

Damon. Eight is the most vicious number. Where is he?

Enter little Carlos

Lenora. The pupil limps away from lessons he

Would rather much forgo. How gingerly

He trudges, with spread legs, and weeping still!

The boy whispers in my ear.- Ah, what? Little Carlos complains in tears of his master's finger.

Damon. Indeed, it rarely points at any sapient page.

Lenora. Unless you liken two pages of a book to a schoolboy's buttocks.

Damon. I do: his hateful book of pleasure!

Lenora. What, is there more?- He also complains of the master's tongue, and not while speaking. Even while defecating, the lad is rarely free from it. The boy's anus forgets its function, receiving black things when it should expel black things.

Damon. His teacher is unilingual and anilingual. Disastrous grammar! I marvel that the father does not hear of this strange tutorage.

Lenora. As you know, Prince Philip is often away with the emperor in frantic wars.

Damon. They extend an empire where the sun never sets, nor does it ever rise.

Lenora. Moreover, the tutor bears a chipped vessel, which he invites the child to sip into.

Damon. A puppy likes to put its snout in dirty water.

Lenora. Whenever Carlos emerges from his bathing-tub, the tutor

lowers his head, but not out of respect for a prince's son.

Damon. Not at all, for his eager looks are aimed lower than the belly but higher than the knee.

Lenora. I never saw a glutton salivate on mounds of meat as he does on juiceless drooping fruit.

Damon. A dish of stringed-beans lodged between pairs of figs is what he most craves for.

Lenora. Why seek to climb atop an unbuilt tower?

Damon. Or sound a clapper without the bell?

Lenora. Despairing Carlos!

Damon. Do you cuddle him?

Lenora. I do.

Damon. Do you permit his face to rest between your breasts?

Lenora. Why not?

Damon. He sucks with unknown pleasures.

Lenora. The innocent babe! - Ha! He bit me.

Damon. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Well done, little Carlos.

Exit little Carlos

Lenora. Ha, lechery's infant pupil printed two rows of teeth on the whitest tits in Toledo.

Damon. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Lenora. Do you see? I lose blood.

Damon. Well-deserved affliction for caresses too precocious.

Enter the lazy tutor with his breeches undone

Lazy tutor. Have you seen my charge? He left our lessons much too early today.

Damon. Never too early from yours, base tutor. For shame arrange your breeches with decency. We hate such lessons in anatomy.

Lenora. You should be replaced, detestable tutor.

Lazy tutor. Why?

Lenora. Do you ask why, pedophilic pedant?

Damon. Do you ask why, prurient pedagogue?

Lazy tutor. I think I'll scratch my belly for the rest of the afternoon. That's always of some interest.

Exit the lazy tutor

Damon. To our affairs. I have many reasons to complain of your conduct, Lenora, in no manner proper for an ideal wife.

Lenora. You have, sir?

Damon. You do not look at other men as a chaste spouse should.

Lenora. Hear me, Damon. I beg you to permit me at least one lover.

Damon. I agree, Lenora, provided you accept to lose an eye for him.

Lenora. How!

Damon. If you take one lover, I'll tear out one of your eyes; if you take two, both of them.

Exit Damon and enter Vesalius

Vesalius. Your husband's nose and ears breed dangerous smoke.

Lenora. I heed very little Vulcan's forge.

Vesalius. What is the object of Afric Venus' meditations?

Lenora. Hear a proposition of mine.

Vesalius. Reveal your thoughts. Though my worst enemy's daughter, I'm ever bound to serve you.

Lenora. Cut out my right eye-ball, Vesalius.

Vesalius. Ha! Are you mad?

Lenora. You can do it in a humane way. I very much fear my husband's knife is not so gentle as yours.

Vesalius. Why should I take out one of your eyes?

Lenora. My husband says that I may keep a lover if I lose it.

Vesalius. Has any oculist ever heard such a request?

Lenora. I prefer two lovers with a single eye than two eyes with this husband.

Vesalius. Forgo such loathsome prodigies of lust.

Lenora. No, Vesalius; you understand a woman's body, but not her mind. I'll satisfy my will, though the entire world blows up in fragments.

Exeunt Lenora and Vesalius

Act 4. Scene 3. A street in Geneva.
1553

Enter Calvin and Berthelier

Calvin. How is your whore, Berthelier?

Berthelier. I keep no whore, Calvin.

Calvin. I mean your tongue: does she not yield you vain joys; does she not wag for money?

Berthelier. How is your prisoner, Calvin?

Calvin. I keep no prisoner.

Berthelier. I mean your phallus: does he not pine for lack of company; does he not beg to be pardoned?

Calvin. I'll not recommend you to wash your tongue, for that would infect each wave of the sea, the rocks in it, and the winds above.

Berthelier. I'll not counsel you to remove the crusts on your phallus, for no one will ever see it.

Calvin. I exchange pleasantries with an excommunicated dog.

Berthelier. I'll bite your ears for that, Calvin.

Calvin. Are you a man and lack reason? The consistory owns a forgiving tongue and for punishments hesitant hands.

Berthelier. Is it not almost always true that he who disregards the opinion of others is the first to complain when we disregard his?

Calvin. We have a civic council fit to be obeyed; we have a moral council apt to be heeded.

Berthelier. I lack no masters.

Calvin. A man with no master is a disobedient servant.

Berthelier. My motto is: no masters and no servants.

Calvin. Your motto is excommunicated, and you know our worthiest citizens have little to do with the excommunicated.

Berthelier. I'll kneel at your communion table, Calvin, despite the opinion of the consistory.

Calvin. Do you refuse to accept banishment?

Berthelier. I'll gobble your wafer, though I choke on it.

Calvin. Mocking me? Defying me?

Berthelier. Moral tyrant, Perrin is elected syndic of the council for the second time. He'll mash your confidence, vile priest.

Enter Perrin

Perrin. Have you excommunicated my friend?

Calvin. We'll receive him panting back to our bosom whenever he turns away from the infidel strumpet of unbelief.

Berthelier. Religion is your whore, Calvin: you copulate with lunatic dreams and call them sacred.

Perrin. Religion is your perfume, Calvin, hiding from our noses the putrid meat of a heart without love, without charity.

Calvin. We love those who obey the church, we are charitable to those who obey the church.

Berthelier. A church is a golden chamber pot, a beauteous building with black matter inside.

Perrin. We defy you, priest. Berthelier to your throat will kneel at the communion table.

Calvin. Let Berthelier kneel till his knees melt into the stone floor; his tongue will not lap up the least crumb of our wafers.

Exit Calvin

Perrin. Now may we richly cram with full mouths the tasty bread of revenge.

Berthelier. How?

Perrin. Our city council annuls the consistory's excommunication.

Berthelier. O, happy friend! Is this true? I'm allowed to kneel at the table?

Perrin. If you do not, I'll never love you.

Berthelier. You speak truthfully, I hope; otherwise, call Berthelier the man without a country.

Perrin. Trust our council.

Berthelier. What if Calvin refuses me communion?

Perrin. Then we'll banish him a second time.

Exeunt Perrin and Berthelier

Act 4. Scene 4. The Spanish court
in Toledo. 1553

Enter Vesalius and Lenora

Vesalius. Never speak of that again. I refuse to consider such an operation.

Lenora. Unfortunate woman, impelled to weep with her two eyes!

Vesalius. Speak to your husband, make peace with him.

Lenora. Will you cut off one hand instead? Perhaps Damon will accept the substitution.

Vesalius. No, take it away.

Lenora. A row of teeth?

Vesalius. Abandon such a thought.

Lenora. Hairs on one side of the head?

Vesalius. Never to be thought of.

Lenora. Miserable wife! You lead me to I know not where or how, likely to lie with pleasure in the dark with scorpions.

Exit Lenora and enter Damon

Vesalius. I must urgently speak to you, friend Damon. Your wife raves, a danger to herself and you.

Damon. How! Has she complained of me?

Vesalius. No, but her thoughts, I know, sleep with desperate endeavors as well as you. The woman is itching for a new lover.

Damon. Ha? Dare you speak with me of that?

Vesalius. I must. She means to lose I do not know what in exchange for a lover's pleasures.

Damon. I hate you, Vesalius; you tempt my wife to outrages.

Vesalius. Believe me, no. I only sought to help a friend.

Damon. Fool-surgeon, you have with one inconsidered thought lost your friend forever.

Exeunt Vesalius and Damon

Act 4. Scene 5. A street in Geneva.
1553

Enter Calvin and Farel

Calvin. Berthelier did not appear.

Farel. Won at all points!

Calvin. The city council, despite Perrin's violent urgings, forbids Berthelier to kneel at our communion table. I'm grateful to them, for otherwise Geneva would have known Calvin no more.

Farel. But there are worries worse than even those.

Do you know Servetus? hell's shovel? one

Who scrapes all men's and women's souls away,

The loadstone of weak spirits serving flesh?

Calvin. Yes, candid Servetus! His atheism,

Prodigious errors, lies, refusals, schisms,

Execrable opinions we must loathe.

Priapus, gently strutting in our sight,
 Could never be more loathsome
 and unwelcome.

Enter Servetus

Farel. Ha, is this not Servetus?

Calvin. Why is he in Geneva?

Servetus. Ha, Calvin!

Calvin. Mighel Servetus!

Farel. Go, question him. That
 would be best for us
 And worse for him; I think he
 dreams of death.

Calvin. Ha, Servetus, with tears of
 rage we read

Your book: "The restitution of
 Christianity",

Opposed, as if in mockery of
 mine:

"The institution of Christianity".

By this and more, as we have
 heard and groaned,

We understand you loathe the
 trinity,

Insanely deny our holy baptism.

Servetus. I looked hard for your
 trinity in texts

Of ancient and new testaments of
 grace,

But found it nowhere, void of
 nothing born,

And neither did I find suggestions
 of

Your holy infant baptism, but in
 dreams.

Farel. O, infamous goat! Are these
 arguments

Religion? not a drunkard's hiccup?
 no?

Calvin. Have you not read the
 Bible, Servetus?

Servetus. To read the Bible hard a
 thousand times

Is but the start of proffered grace
 and wit.

Calvin. Is not the trinity full
 graven there

In sweetest characters of heavy
 fire?

Servetus. In my old texts, I find a
 single God.

Calvin. Do you embrace opinions
 of Jews and Mahometans?

Servetus. I weep while hearing
 sottishness in all

Our Christian answers to attentive
 Jews

And grave Mahometans.

Calvin. What madness is this?

Servetus. In your Bible, I discover
 the Nicene error: three Gods in
 one equal no God at all.

Calvin. Do we hear more
 abominable mathematics in books
 of Jews and Mahometans?

Servetus. We learn from Augustine
 that the trinity can be illustrated
 without proof; we read with
 Guillaume d'Occam that the
 trinity can neither be proven nor
 illustrated. The traces of one cart
 are obliterated by the one that
 follows.

Farel. O, proven slave, you seek to
 resurrect

The thousand-year-old body of
 dead Arius.

Your fool's religion kisses corpses,
seeks

To breathe a life into what cannot
live.

Calvin. I need a thousand arms, a
thousand swords,
To beat down all your errors and
deceits.

Farel. Much worse than any papist
interlude.

Servetus. I saw it in Rome, vision
terrible,

That should have blinded me, or
deafened me:

Pope Clement, impious Seventh of
that name,

Most lazily uplifting scarlet toes,
Glad to be kissed by our supposed
chief,

Unholy, tritely mundane emperor.
O, luxury more beastly than the
feasts

Of cannibals, to shame
invulnerable,

Whores without forehead! Ha,
what do you call

A nostril tickled by thick incense
smoke,

Two eyes with pompish images
amazed,

Two ears deceived by twangling
wires and wind?

The pope corrupts religion with
his wealth.

How must we name his
propagandist scribes,

Whose tongues scholastic breathe
confused clouds

Of heady syllogisms unsolvable.

All lack simplicity; none can say
well,

None can do well, none help to
save our souls.

Calvin. We can, we do.

But your religion flies,
Parthenopeus,

Son of the pierced maidenhead of
grace,

In forests of disgraces worse than
these.

Farel. Here he stands, star-defying
Capaneus,

With bosom and with members
ample-large,

Stout bulwark of his errors and
his pride.

Servetus. Christ enters, thereby I
am I and Christ,

And Christ is he and me. I walk or
run,

And with his spirit moves a son of
God.

Calvin. Gnat with a soul to lose, do
you expect

To be acknowledged as a son of
God?

Servetus. Christ is God's true son,
we only his adopted ones. He is,
as you know, our word made
flesh; the word is of the spirit and
eternal, but incarnated flesh must
rot.

Calvin. You seek to substantialize,
essentialize, ubiquitize what is
substantiated, essential, and
ubiquitous apart from us.

Servetus. I reject that opinion. The
holy ghost is the spirit of God in
us, but outside our bodies, a

vapor with a false name. God is all in all and all is God.

Calvin. Is the foam on your beard God? Arch-heretic, do you deny that Christ and the Holy Ghost are co-substantial with eternal God?

Servetus. I do. Christ is deified flesh, and, if our own flesh follow his instructions, it is as deified as his.

Calvin. O monstrous, pernicious, and pestilential presumption! Our flesh, that house of pollution, that privy of amours and vain thoughts, commixed with deity? Your opinions are worse evils than those fantastic marmosets who deny God's existence.

Farel. The fallacious smoke of papists pleases me better.

Servetus. God is everywhere and nowhere.

Calvin. In your dreams, raving fool, but to us a lord under whom we sweat prostrate in ashes. Christ is no mere mediator or intercessor, as you think, but co-eternal and of the same substance as the Father. To deny the value of infant baptism is to reject original sin. Your freakish liberties forget predestination of the elect and non-elect, our formal doctrine. Know that our muddy faces may one day to the deity be cleared and uplifted, but in no way is this a merit of our own. The All-Loving breathes on one man and that man is saved; he does not choose to breathe on another and that

man must die eternally. On empty containers of grace, God pours the golden liquid; the choice is his, pre-selecting us either as a guest in his house or as no better than burning pumace fit for perdition. He does not need you or me. To him belong the merit and acclamation.

Farel. Should we not shake away from our besmirched faces foul vapors of indigested Tertullian and Irenaeus? Does he compose books or composts? What drops between my buttocks seems lovelier and sweeter.

Calvin. Your "Errors of the trinity", "Two dialogues of the trinity", and "Restitution" deserve the pains of hell.

Farel. I know the end of the world is near, when such books appear and no one lights a fire.

Calvin. Not books but a chaos of blasphemies.

Farel. Why did you arrive in Geneva?

Servetus. I was summoned to this city by my own voice to demonstrate your errors. I seek no whale to hide in, but must speak in the second Nineveh for the sake of salvation, mine and yours.

Calvin. I first knew you in Paris as a young student in heresy, now in Geneva as an accomplished one.

Farel. Tisiphone awakes and lifts her head.

Indefatigable Calvin, to vigilance

Wed, with Genevan weal and
fortitude,
Exhuberant Calvin, religion's fort,
Awake with constant blasts
against her foes,
Inexorable Calvin, who cannot tire
With chasing tigers and swift
elephants
Of heinous faiths, can you hear?
Do you hear?

Calvin. I do.

Farel. We hurl in fire bad books:
why should we spare
Bad men, the authors of these
loathed books?

Calvin. Those who spare
blasphemers are themselves
blasphemers.

Servetus. Have you expelled your
vomit, malodorous and
malevolent dogs of a false faith?

Farel. Your restitution is a
desperate, abominable, and
incurable plea to be burnt.

Servetus. The smoke from fanatic
fires never reaches heaven. Calvin
usurps Peter's keys. I say to his
face there is one God. I say to his
face baptism must be denied to
infants, who understand no
sacrament and therefore can
receive none with profit for their
souls. Our pastors break their
fingernails to open, but instead
heavily shut heaven's door hard
on our visages.

Calvin. He surprises us with his
restitution, which to Christian
ears is a bell to summon them to
suppers of damnation.

Servetus. Your institution is an
entire hospital, meant to sicken
the ill and fainting. Your gospels
are excellent theology, except for
being devoid of God; your trinity
is a three-headed Cerberus, whose
harsh barks and sharp bites keep
men and women trapped in caves
of desperate confusions. You
prate of salvation by faith, but
your good works are vain images
in a black mirror no one ever
sees. I'll ruffle your ears still.

Exit Servetus

Farel. Must he leave off
unpunished?

Calvin. Rigot may help, and here
the zealot stalks.

Enter Rigot

You heard the moon-man's lunatic
beliefs?

Rigot. I grieve that such men are
allowed to live.

Farel. We need to cut a Spaniard
in four parts,
And burn alive each part four
times at least.

We must invent for him hooks
harder than
Hard iron and a hotter fire than
fire.

Exeunt Farel, Calvin, and Rigot

Act 4. Scene 6. A street in Toledo.

1553

Enter Grisilda and Amargar

Grisilda. I very much fear my sister is your whore.

Amargar. My burning balls of prognostication hotly deny that.

Grisilda. I saw you, naughty Amargar.

Amargar. What do you mean?

Grisilda. You sweetly lay all night with her beneath grieving yews in the nearby cemetery.

Amargar. Spirits, vain imaginations of a virgin's unsatisfied desires.

Grisilda. I'll speak to my father of you and her.

Amargar. You did that once before. Do you wish to you find out whether a woman can live without an arse?

Exit Amargar, enter Olivares and Vesalius

Olivares. What are these abominations I hear concerning Lenora? not chaste? not submissive to her husband?

Vesalius. I have no wish to advance one toe into sordid family squabbles.

Olivares. Answer my questions, or else I'll annul you, Vesalius.

Vesalius. What fanatic frenzies are these?

Grisilda. I'll answer in his place, father. All that you hear against Lenora is true.

Olivares. Ha? The cemetery? the whoring?

Grisilda. All, all.

Exit Grisilda

Olivares. Thanks to your care, my daughter is now the official prostitute of Toledo's cemeteries.

Vesalius. How can you say so! I'm her doctor, as you are, not her confessor.

Olivares. Vesalius, if I do not maim for all times the frisking legs of your upstart pride, consider me no more myself. She says she pleaded with you to help her in a matter I fail to understand, and was denied. O, abhorrent physician, death's-man of our honor!

Vesalius. I'm in no fashion responsible for her wide behaviors.

Olivares. You tickle the emperor's ears with lies.

Vesalius. I do not.

Olivares. You do, villain in serious scholar's garb. You flatter; that's why he loves you.

Vesalius. He loves my competence in alleviating, as much as possible, his crippling gout.

Olivares. Swollen sore and infection's worst imposthume of our profession, my right hand's gout is worse than his; otherwise, it would strike your face and neck.

Vesalius. Ha! A madman?

Olivares. Consider me neither mad nor man, but revenge's own engine.

Exeunt Olivares and Vesalius

Act 5. Scene 1. A court of justice
in Geneva. 1553

Enter Rigot, Farel, and Calvin

Rigot. Our indignation leaps at his pale face

To tear it out at last and bear the prize.

Farel. We have written in this scroll thirty-eight accusations against Servetus, or perhaps thirty-nine.

Rigot. To enumerate them is too tedious.

Calvin. And quite unnecessary. Challenge him

As you think best. To trip unwearied tongues

In their false gallops is a noted source

Of pride for our best lawyers, as you are.

Rigot. We have assailed him with some good success

For many days; he wearies, but not I.

Farel. Today we down him; on this day, we call

For execution's torches without blood.

Calvin. No, we are moderate: we only wish

For him a quiet death.

Farel. (weeping

You are too lenient, Calvin. Truth and faith

Must weep, subjected to what is far worse

Than heresy; our words lack force for it.

Enter Servetus, guarded

Servetus. Why am I imprisoned?

Rigot. We rigorously examine your beliefs. Here comes the main lever of the city council set to crush, Judicieux, judge today of our conflict of words. The other one favors you.

Enter Judicieux and Perrin

Judicieux. Berthelier requests to be present at these proceedings and we allow it.

Enter Berthelier

Begin, Rigot.

Rigot. Did not your books first trouble Strasbourg's peace?

Servetus. I wrote a book or two, but never yet

Disturbed the quietness of German faith.

Rigot. Are you opposed to baptism?

Servetus. I violently hate, contend against,

Deny supposed grace of pedobaptism,

Unbridgeable moat, bar
preventing eye

A man and woman's entry into
grace.

Rigot. O, impious and seditious
Servetus

With all his divagations! Have you
not

With books, with speeches,
sopped in sordid rhymes,

Insulted Palestine, land of our
lord?

Servetus. A goodly promised land

For those who like some sand

And pebbles in their hand.

Rigot. Servetus needs no accuser;
he serves that function quite well
alone.

Servetus. I request to be liberated
at once, for in the primitive
church no one was ever accused
in criminal justice on questions of
doctrine.

Judicieux. Another Servetan lie!
Since Constantine, the church has
pursued to death all heresies.

Servetus. The church is corrupt
since that emperor's reign. I
meant the church before
Constantine, the only true one,
which must at all costs be
restituted. I request to be
defended by a competent lawyer
and judged by competent judges.

Judicieux. You need no lawyer, for
you lie excellently well alone.

Rigot. Your baptism at twenty
encourages youths to lie, swear,
steal, murder, and commit

adulteries, which to our grief they
do well already.

Servetus. All fires liable to be
quenched in our holy baptism.

Judicieux. We hear from Vienne
you shamefully escaped prison,
where papists tried to burn book
and body, but could only burn the
book, where, like a mouse leaving
its tail in the trap, you escaped
merrily away.

Rigot. Papists, as we do,
unmercifully long to spill heretic
blood. Will you return to Vienne?

Servetus. No, no, weeping, I beg to
be tried me here. Vienne is for me
an open mouth with teeth.

Rigot. Well, we proceed.

Servetus. I request arbitration of
my case by other city-states.

Judicieux. We have already
conferred with four of them and
await their answers today.
Question him further, Calvin, for
you best understand errors in
doctrine.

Calvin. Do you consider baptism
an abomination more detestable
than sinning?

Servetus. Children are innocent of
your sins.

Calvin. Is original sin innocent?

Servetus. Your predestination
transforms men and women into
vessels of wood or stone.

Calvin. It would be well if such
innocent eyes were pecked at
least a thousand times by
chickens.

Servetus. They swallow diviner dishes than you.

Calvin. How may God be known without the trinity?

Servetus. I touch and know one God.

Calvin. You touch God as children paper they cannot read.

Servetus. I'm bound to him.

Calvin. Your union of the human and divine is a fornication between unknown sexes.

Servetus. I'm purged by him.

Calvin. He washes in a slough and expects to be clean.

Servetus. I request to be set free. In my prison, or rather awful dungeon, I'm devoured by lice and fleas, sleep or rather languish on filthy sheets, eat poisoned food, wear torn shoes and breeches, with a single shirt, lousy and putrid. Calvin alleges and defends arguments from Justinian and from a church he knows in advance is depraved, arguments he does not even believe in himself, except as a screen of the dragon to put me miserably to death for I do not know what reason. I request that my plea be forwarded to the Council of the Two-Hundred. Because of insufficient proof of any guilt, I request that Calvin be condemned and chased from the city for defamation.

Perrin. Well said.

Berthelier. This must be done.

Calvin. Ho! The angry rhinoceros of misbelief butts against a temple wall and thinks to topple it.

Enter a servant, with letters

Judicieux. Here are the missives you hoped would spare hateful blood.

Exit the servant

From Berne: indignation; Servetus is said to resurrect dead errors of condemned heretics; quoth they: "Were he in our prison, he would be burnt with fresh leaves to death." From Schaffhouse: confidence that our wisdom will cut off in time the gangrene of Servetus' blasphemies on Christ's divine body. From Zurich: shock and consternation at the supposed refutation of the trinity; quoth they: "At last the time is come to wash ourselves with blood from the terrible suspicion of leniency against Servetus' heresies, too numerous to be enumerated in detail." From Basel: complete agreement with Zurich; quoth they: "We are in despair that such a person is allowed to breathe." We have heard more than enough and will immediately consult with our council.

Exeunt Judicieux and Perrin

Berthelier. Tut, man, never drop the head.

Servetus. My book discovers as many enemies as fleas breeding in a cold chimney.

Berthelier. Never droop here.

Servetus. I flew from Strasbourg-

Berthelier. Perrin must sway this hateful council.

Servetus. From Vienne crawled-

Berthelier. He knows them-

Servetus. I meant to- I do not know what.

Berthelier. Is confident-

Servetus. Why am I here?

Berthelier. Has seen such cases before-

Servetus. What have I done?

Berthelier. But never with such vehemence have we-

Servetus. I meant to- I do not know what.

Berthelier. Past belief. I do not understand them.

Servetus. Past understanding.

Berthelier. I gape.

Servetus. I wonder.

Re-enter Judicieux

Berthelier. Judicieux comes back alone and much too quickly. I do not like that.

Judicieux. The council of Geneva here condemns

The present Servitus upon two counts

Against Justinian: anti-trinitism,
And anti-pedobaptism, horrible,

Detestable, and scandalous revolts.

Your writings with malicious, desperate,

Perverse, and hated obstinancy

Win and infect the world in largest scope

To certain ruin of too many souls,
Perpetually lost to light in deep hell.

With sword of paper, you uplift a hand

Against loved majesties, the trinity,

And challenge them, a man, you, challenging.

Here is our answer. For such heresies,

We here condemn you, Miguel Servetus,

To be bound and to cloudy Champel led,

Tied to a stake and burnt, with your foul book

Around the waist, to ashes, as a threat

Against all others of your faithless faith.

Servetus. Not burnt!

Rigot. O, well deserved!

Servetus. Ha! Ha!

Judicieux. Ha, screaming now? You should have thought before That in Geneva breathe right-thinking men.

Farel. That sentence fails to tickle him, I think.

Servetus. Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity!Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity!

Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity! Pity!
Pity! Pity!

Judicieux. A heretic is worse than murderers:

The last kill bodies, but the first lose souls.

Rigot. I think we have done well.

Farel. Quite well. I thank your holy violence, sir.

Calvin. Why did Servetus come to Geneva?

Rigot. Do you hear deep sighs echoing against the walls?

Judicieux. Send him away to prison.

Servetus. Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!
Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!
Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!
Mercy!

Judicieux. We are merciful to your victims, for yesterday's readers burn in hell on your books.

Exeunt Servetus, guarded and enter Perrin, weeping

Perrin. I'll appeal to the Council of the Two-Hundred.

Berthelier. Hurry. Our hopes of freedom begot a Phaeton, favorable fortune only for fish.

Exeunt Judicieux, Rigot, Perrin, and Berthelier

Calvin. Perrin appeals to the Two-Hundred in vain. I'll try to mitigate the penalty to beheading, but I doubt of any success.

Farel. I want a Methuselan fire.

Calvin. O, terrible!

Farel. Unless he recants, fire lacks heat for him.

Exeunt Farel and Calvin

Act 5. Scene 2. The Spanish court
in Toledo. 1553

Enter Vesalius and Amargar

Amargar. My jests no longer make a prince laugh. I fear he has heard of my lance's too frequent court exploits against dragons of women's honor.

Vesalius. Where do you plan to hide, Amargar?

Amargar. By my faith in nothing, I do not know.

Vesalius. The anger of princes is an arm that finds us beneath the rocks of oceans.

Amargar. Who comes here?

Vesalius. Another man with good reasons to fear his prince.

Enter the lazy tutor

Lazy tutor. The prince asks to see me.

Vesalius. Too true and you'll hate his message. It would be best for you to hide away.

Lazy tutor. Pooh, when I run, I remain in the same place.

Amargar. I scorn to run.

Vesalius. I'll try to mitigate your too certain condemnations.

Lazy tutor. I thank your kindness.

Exit the lazy tutor

Amargar. How?

Vesalius. I cannot tell, can barely hope.

Amargar. Who comes here?

Vesalius. Prince Philip's new agent of all our fears.

Enter the diligent tutor, with a whip in one hand and a knife in the other

Amargar. Ah, no!

Diligent tutor. This whip is for you, this knife for the other.

Amargar. No hope of pardon?

Diligent tutor. Pardon our stern prince laughs at.

Vesalius. Who is not guilty of some trespass deserving these and worse?

Diligent tutor. Ho, servants!

Enter servants

Bind Amargar's face hard against our bloodiest post. I'm ready to sweat a little, which, I think, should make the cuckold-maker sweat in a worst way.

Amargar. O! O! O! O! O! Do not kill me, I beg you.

Diligent tutor. I will not, Amargar, provided you can stand and walk on shreds of back and arse. The prince expects a lively whip, till it hangs rigid with your blood. You like holes. The prince

recommends that after my care you lie in one, much cooler and less alluring than those you are used to. Moreover, he forbids the use of bandages and soothing salves.

Exit Amargar, guarded

Vesalius. The adultresses deserve blame as well.

Diligent tutor. Our second Domitian sends to them dilligent female flagellants. This prince hates adulterers; this prince hates pederasts.

Vesalius. Who can beat and stab faults away?

Diligent tutor. After I'm done, Amargar will cry out with pain and loudly weep and our lazy tutor will have good reasons for bemoaning the loss of his virility.

Vesalius. Return to the prince and say you are unable to ply an executioner's art.

Diligent tutor. You sit to hear tragedies and complain that they are not amusing enough. After I'm done, our lazy tutor will barely be able to piss from his mutilated member, tremblingly hanging from his trunk like a half-cut branch.

Vesalius. Mercy for both!

Diligent tutor. I hear winds that tell me nothing.

Exeunt Vesalius and the diligent tutor

Act 5. Scene 3. A prison in
Geneva. 1553

Enter Calvin and Servetus, guarded

Servetus. Is it you? On my last day on earth, you are the first to visit me, and yet I cannot bid you welcome.

Calvin. As a Paris student, I hazarded my life for you.

Servetus. But yet we failed to meet.

Calvin. My letters peacefully admonished you.

Servetus. Which I dismissed.

Calvin. What more can we know? If you persist in false and heinous opinions, embrace death in this world and the next.

Servetus. Confident flesh quavers without fainting.

Calvin. With smoke in his nostrils, still obstinate in perversions!

Servetus. My flesh will taste your fires, but not my spirit.

Calvin. I come to beseech you.

Servetus. You plead to an honored wall.

Calvin. In flesh and soul almost ashes.

Servetus. In spirit already fire.

Calvin. Recant.

Servetus. No.

Calvin. I beg you for the last time to recant.

Servetus. Never.

Calvin. I wish to pray for you, but diligent devotion, imprisoned like

an ant in a drop of amber, is stopped and can advance no farther.

Servetus. That amber is the news of my salvation.

Calvin. No, rather the welcome odor of condemnation on your follies.

Servetus. My follies are more intelligent than your intelligence. I'll pray as I lived, alone. My last day on earth! I groan at it; I wished to do more.

Calvin. In your annihilation, I begin to hear God's invisible voice.

Servetus. I'll burn, but that's a mere event; we'll continue our discussion in eternity.

Calvin. Thus, following Paul's recommendation, I turn my back and retire from a heretic abandoned by his own mouth, perpetually bearing the mark of self-inflicted blemishes in his heart.

Exit Calvin

Servetus. O, O, O!

Exit Servetus, guarded

Act 5. Scene 4. Olivares' house in
Toledo. 1553

Enter Grisilda and the diligent tutor, bloody, with a book and a ferule

Grisilda. Ah, do I behold my tutor or my executioner, stained with the products of his trade?

Diligent tutor. I have seen Amargar and I have seen the lazy tutor; now I come to survey your work. This angry suit is put on to remind you that you must look to your book more diligently.

Grisilda. I study with care and attention.

Diligent tutor. Thus spoke Thomas, my other charge and your languid cousin, this morning, who was proven wrong. Usually, a pliant wand is the young one's subject of despair, whose vigor keeps his thighs so soldered together that no toothpick can be inserted between them. It is for this reason that with tiny axe the elfin woodsman once hacked at all the birch-trees in his family garden. Every mark on those trees was copied with profounder streaks on his backside. But today I gave him a sound reason to hate the ferule instead. The boy of nine with rounded eyes and sweaty lips first stood before my indignation like his number, and then was persuaded to bend like seven. After I was done, his blistered stem was sorry for his negligence and sore, lying flat on the ground with open mouth and clutching hard at rug and table-legs. It was no longer possible to distinguish between right cheek and left,

between thighs and buttocks. I make them glow.

Grisilda. Keep away the ferule. I lose my wits at the sight of it.

Diligent tutor. If she forget her lesson,

She must expose her telson;

If she forget it twice,

She'll beg to sit on ice.

Reveal what you remember of your lessons, girl; that would be best.

Grisilda. My wits, from very fear, are entirely flown away.

Diligent tutor. She who neglects and drops her books,

Must fear we take down rods from hooks.

Has any instructor in Europe ever been subjected to such careless heedlessness?

Grisilda. I know my lessons best when you are gone.

Diligent tutor. (breaking his ferule) Then I'm a tutor meriting your scorn.

Trip now away

To cheerful songs and play.

Tomorrow, in this room, I'll gently speak,

And my apt pupil gladly learn and seek.

Exeunt *Grisilda* and the diligent tutor

Act 5. Scene 5. A place of execution in Champel. 1553

Enter *Farel* and *Servetus*, guarded

Farel. Look there, the only possible final scene in your theater of heresy.

Servetus. Greenwood!

Farel. Do you grieve, faint, kneel, weep, and stare? I see justice arrayed in freshest greenery.

Servetus. O! O! O! Perhaps my flesh will not be strong enough.

Farel. Or your spirit, fool. Recant. I ask you once again and begin to tire. For the sake of charity, I should encourage you, but, to heretics, charity is no charity. Unless you recant, despair. This fire is a slow one, pricking well before you die.

Servetus. O! O! Only my eyes water. The soul rejoices, for he'll meet his best friend today.

Farel. Tears cannot drown this fire. If you persist, I'll no longer walk with you towards the stake. To extinguish the fire, you need only say these words: "Jesus-Christ, eternal son of God."

Servetus. "Jesus-Christ, son of eternal God."

Farel. Damned, damned irrevocably.- I may no longer trudge with the lost when he is gladly lost.

Servetus. Fire! Fire! Fire, slow and painful! Fire! Fire!

Exit Servetus, guarded, enter Perrin and Berthelier

Perrin. On this day, humanity moans and seeks to discredit his origin.

Farel. An artichoke knows no religion, and therefore no humanity.

Perrin. Only silence, then.

Berthelier. On this day, faith must groan.

Farel. Faith's comfortable room is by this fire lighted and warmed.

Berthelier. I'll clean the vestibule.

Exeunt Perrin and Berthelier, enter Calvin

Calvin. On his affrighted head, a crown of straw

Is placed, and leaves with sulphur powdered fine,

All hopeful to increase the pain of fire,

In such a manner as the face turns black.

From the first fire will jump this transitory

Flea to the final one, and endlessly.

We sing to see the crushing of bad herbs

In the vile beauty of this hateful world.

To God, and only God, the glory here!

Farel. What other news in Geneva?

Exeunt Farel and Calvin

Act 5. Scene 6. The Spanish court
in Madrid. 1562

Enter Carlos and Lenora on top of a staircase

Carlos. A woman always merits our respect.
Her whole existence is still justified
By man's intemperate fires, to be quenched
In deepest mellow waters of her pit.

Lenora. Ha! Will you tear off gown and all, base prince?

Carlos. Your paps seem set to burst out from restraint
Towards my avid hand; let me englobe

Two worlds in little, let me taste at last

A man's prize with a prince's choicest tongue,

The melons of Madrid. My mouth for them

Yearns, like devouring Cyclops in their forge,

With them to lie down evermore in heat.

From top to bottom, you bear roundnesses

Apt for a prince; fastidious Madrid

In banquets cannot boast of better cheer.

Lenora. Out, out, away!

Carlos. Resistance to your lord? Will you deny
Before I learn to love? No woman can

Forget my charms and mighty potency.

Lenora. I see that princes may be potentates

Above and ribald centaurs deep below.

Carlos. Come here to me.

Lenora. Not in such goat-farm ways.

Carlos. Turn here, dark Venus of my thoughts and dreams.

(Carlos falls from the staircase)

Lenora. Ha!

Enter King Philip and Olivares

Philip. Is our son badly hurt? Does he still live?

Olivares. Lenora? What, did you push our prince down?

Philip. In dissipations worse than Amargar's!

She and our only son, our son and her!

Where can we flee from wanton women's wiles?

Olivares. She'll smartly smart for that, I promise you.

Lenora. O, justice, are you fled? no pity here?

Great king, your servant's wronged most terribly.

Philip. Look, Olivares, stand amazed and stare:

Our princely son, star of Madrid,
The hope of kingdoms and religions,

From top-most power to the
lowest rung
Of drunken savage amargarery!
Olivares. I grieve at it.

Exit Lenora

Philip. Ho, servants!

Enter servants

Bear out the unconscious prince
to his sad bed.

Exeunt servants, bearing out
Carlos

Cure him. Let him stay whole. We
plead with you.
On his knees, a king begs. A king
deplores,
Weeps, raves, beseeching you to
cure his son.
Come, let us follow them. No
words, away.

Exeunt King Philip and Olivares

Act 5. Scene 7. Carlos' bedroom in
Madrid. 1562

Enter Vesalius and Lenora

Vesalius. His wounds cry out for
help, but I much fear
That death has ears for them, and
life not one.
Lenora. Ah, for my sake if not his,
save the man.

I fear a father's rage, a king's
revenge.

If you amend Prince Carlos, I may
hope

For mitigation of my punishments.

(Carlos is revealed on his bed

Vesalius. Each eyelid disappears
under a cloud

Of heavy ecchymosis; I can see
A nauseating flow of putrid pus
Emerge with small incisions from
each ear,

Mere purulent detested pleurisy;
I'm armed against a host of
fistulas,

Whose shots are deadly, but my
lancets strike

An empyema like the hydra's
head,

Which no Apollo can reduce or
soothe.

Lenora. I listen to few comforting
details

In your descriptions of this
doleful case.

Enter Olivares

Olivares. Vesalius, I admit defeat.
The arms

Of vaunted skill beat wearily
against my sides,

Despair of hope and knowledge;
wiser ones

Must save this prince from
mortifying death.

Vesalius. I hope and do not hope. I
look, I cut,

Examine, stanch, but doubt and
murmur on

What I dig out from wounds,
perhaps to save,

Perhaps to kill; yet I expect to be
The bean-king of this sickly
twelfth-night cake.

Olivares. Prince Carlos you must
save; we may not blink

And say "we cannot, king", or
stroke our heads

And belly; otherwise, let us
beware

From this enraged deeply worried
king

Onanic thunders, heaven-splitting
bolts.-

Our monarch! Cower, faint,
despair, and moan.

Vesalius. He comes in haste to see
our nothings done.

Enter King Philip

Philip. Is our son well? not up yet?
no? not yet?

Why do we live as kings, why do
you draw

Most royal salaries if princes die?

Vesalius. We strive against a
mighty enemy.

Philip. You mean your ignorance.
Cure him; do it.

Immense processions black-veiled
Spain throughout

Advance with tears, with
genuflexions, with

The bloodiest flagellations for this
prince,

Our sole inheritor of mighty
realms.

You are our hope; cure him; do it
today.

Free us from anguish never known
before.

Vesalius. Balms we apply; we can
do nothing more.

Philip. Now, in the presence of a
father's frown,

Let us breathe fiercest
imprecations

Against a white-hot Moor who
scalds our eyes.

Lenora. O hell, O heaven! Where
must I beseech?

Olivares. On your loose loins:
there tremble gods of shame.

Lenora. I did not push Prince
Carlos down, my liege.

Philip. Not you, but your sex did.

Lenora. O fearful misconception! I
am done.

Philip. Now we disclose with very
angry mouth

The heavy punishments your
rankest crime

Must groan and gibber under.
From this day,

These delicate limbs will be
smoother made

With heavy iron on our prison
walls.

Lenora. O, no! O, no! O, mercy,
potent king!

Philip. You will need help for
scratching nose and crotch.

Lenora will learn on this day how
well

Our Spanish honors teach the way
to treat
Black-spotted ones in golden satin
gown.
We'll make your condemnation
and divorce
A warning of deep fear for
generations
Of leery Spanish women: they will
hear
This tale and stare; they will recite
your case
And tremble, deeply sigh, and
stare again.
Know that your food is water and
rye crusts,
Your bed, a congregation of fat
mice,
Your sole amusement, Bible texts
at dawn,
Your work, continuous knitting
with chapped hands
For regiments in shirts and
pantaloon.
Olivares. Well said, considered,
sounded, and deserved.
Philip. The sun will sooner stray
like truant boys
From circumscribed, directed
zodiac paths,
Resourceless Phaeton of airy
clouds,
Than this Lenora see light for
eight years.
Lenora. My light behaviors I now
learn to hate.
Olivares. To kingly penalties, I will
add more.

Exit Lenora, weeping, beaten out
by Olivares

Philip. Too late, kind father, and
too mild and tame.
Olivares. I thank your high
imperial majesty
For such a happy welcome sign of
love
Towards my family. By sparing
sins,
We kill: who knows that better
than I do?
Vesalius. My prince awakes, but
only towards pains.
Carlos. I cannot breathe, with
inflammations choked-
Vesalius. Then lie still, prince.
Drink first my soothing broth.
Carlos. What must be done? Who
can secure a prince?
Where do our doctors rage,
hypothesize,
Prognosticate, but on Avernus'
shore?
Philip. We know that all too well.
Vesalius, prick
Our son's disease to death; do it
at once,
Or else *Vesalius* and the lesser
one,
Proud *Olivares,* are no more our
own.
Vesalius. The prince is calmer
with my opiate dram.
I'll shrink his tumors though I
bleed with them.
Now, now! Out, pus!
Philip. We can no longer gape at
grisly work.

Olivares. What, is he dead? Have you killed all our hopes?

Philip. Ha?

Vesalius. No, he seems better. We'll know more tonight.

Philip. Ha, better? We can live, can hope again?

To God, and only God, the glory here!

Olivares. Well said, my liege.

Exeunt Philip and Olivares

Carlos. Saved! Saved! Vesalius plucks from tristful death.

Vesalius. Sleep now, my prince. We'll speak again tonight.

Carlos. Infallibly my savior without fear!

(Vesalius draws the curtain

Act 5. Scene 8. The Spanish court
in Madrid. 1564

Enter Olivares and Damon

Olivares. I will behold his dead anatomy.

Damon. He has much hurt my reputation.

Olivares. I heard this dreaded king say "lesser one".

The lesser one may kill and none know that.

Damon. And yet this doctor at the very least

Secured your high position in the court.

Olivares. And what of this? He stains my honor, too.

Although no longer son-in-law to me,

You may yet help with plots, as a son should.

Damon. I have decided, sir, to break all ten

Commandments, one by one, on the same day.

The first is stealing. From Vesalius' files

I plucked this morning letters to his friends,

Equivocal and strange, of danger fraught,

And handed them, with other papers bound,

To our most holy Spanish Inquisition.

Olivares. Good.

Damon. My father idly sought to hold my hands,

Preventing loyal action to the state:

I spurned him, swore with great oaths he should die,

Lied to the cardinals, surprised their ears

In dark imagined conversations with

The traitor. Next, I went back to his house,

Spoke to his wife at dinner, slept with her,

In envy burnt some note-books carelessly

Spread on his study table, stored no doubt

With deepest scientific matter
bold.

Olivares. Better.

Damon. His gold I worshipped as I
dug and stole

All that I could, while the spouse
snored her fill.

Thus, we conclude: few gold-
coins, no chaste wife,

And grave suspicions from the
church of Spain.

Olivares. Best.

Damon. All this is done on
Sunday, day of rest

For sluggard souls and loons of
poor estate.

Olivares. I am amazed at you, my
worthy son.

Damon. And last of all comes
murder, but for that

We must be ever guided by events.

Olivares. Your gladsome father
has done even more.

A youthful Spaniard of high
nobleness

Died yesterday. Vesalius heard
this news,

And was dissatisfied with cause of
death,

Mistaken as he thought, and so he
asked

Permission from the father, all in
tears,

To open up the body. I was called

As a consultant in this heavy case.

While he spoke to assistants in the
hall,

With no eye fixed on me, I could
inject

A stimulant directly in the heart.

When this Vesalius came back to
his board,

The heart was seen to beat for a
brief time.

Aghast, the father stared, and
raved, and cursed,

The mother fainted twice, the
daughter's arms,

When we attempted to pull them
off from

The animated corpse, broke in
four parts.

He is accused of murder, better
still,

Impiety, both questions of great
weight,

To be examined by the Inquisition.

Enter Vesalius, King Philip, and
Carlos

Vesalius. I am no pastor in the
new-found church

Of atheism, dear beloved liege. My
foes

Unjustly seek to rise if I decline.

Philip. You are accused of what we
dare not speak

Of without fear and loathing. Why
have you

Done this? Do you abhor
prosperity?

You had some honor, you
possessed some fame.

All these, wide glutton, are now
swallowed whole,

And coffins with brass plate built
to eat you.

Carlos. I think my friend is
strangely betrayed.

Vesalius. I never idly spoke
against the church.

The corpse was dead as I
examined it.

Philip. The winds of hate, the
thunders of revenge,
The maledictions against loss of
faith

Are set to batter your too shallow
head.

Vesalius. I faint with fear.

Philip. We may with too great
difficulties bar

What is prepared against Vesalius'
guilt,

Annul the horrible intentions of
Our Inquisition angry at such
crimes.

Carlos. We hear of Servetus, like
you a man

Grounded in studies of anatomy.
The tortures of spent Servetus in
fire

Were seen for thirty minutes, or
some say

Two hours. What cardinals accuse
you of

Exceeds the vomit of that heretic.

Philip. Because you saved our son
and thus the state

For best-hoped-for succession, we
may yet

Save you from strange
imprudence. Olivares!

Olivares. All-worthy majesty?

Philip. Now must you show
yourself the best of friends.

Prepare Vesalius suddenly this
night

For blessed Jerusalem: there must
he pray,

There must he cower, till we find
some sheet

To overspread his almost certain
doom.

Olivares. Done, my good liege.

Philip. We spoke. Let it be done
immediately.

Exeunt King Philip and Carlos

Olivares. Son Damon, follow him
to Palestine.

Damon. I promise you.

Exit Olivares

Vesalius. An enemy as my
companion?

Damon. No, we are friends again.
Come, pardon me.

Vesalius. I fear a friend who was
my enemy.

Damon. Such fears are
groundless. Our dear savior waits.

Exeunt Vesalius and Damon

Act 5. Scene 9. The Spanish court
in Madrid. 1564

Enter King Philip and Carlos

Philip. What do we hear? What
news astound our ears

With trumpets of unwelcome
tragedy?

Carlos. Marooned in Zante!

Philip. How! Is it possible? We groan at it.

Carlos. Marooned in Zante!

Philip. From our Franciscan Friar Bonifacio,

We learn Vesalius reached the holy land.

When he returned from Jaffa, the tall ship

Was sick with bodies, overturned with storms.

Carlos. Grave Olivares may know more. He comes.

Enter Olivares

Philip. Is our Vesalius dead?

Olivares. Your puissant majesty, I cannot know .

My former son-in-law arrives to say

How his ship foundered in the Ionian sea.

Carlos. I think I see him now.

Enter Damon, bloody, with one eye, one ear, one arm, and one leg

Damon. A part of him.

Olivares. Unhappy Damon, are you Damon still?

Damon. I barely can say that I exist.

Philip. Is our Vesalius dead?

Damon. Yes, dead. I saw him buried, my good liege.

Carlos. O horrid news, unwelcome to his friend!

Philip. To him we dedicate some loving tears.

Olivares. Beloved Damon, say how you lost eye,

And ear, and arm, and leg in this sad trip.

Damon. From Jaffa we embarked. Deplorable

Were the conditions in our vessel: men

Of stout form laid down sick, no sooner sick

Than dead. We were deprived of water, meat,

Too tightly bound together on the hold

Of this great ship of death. A tempest then

Assailed us, as we landed wearily And spent upon Lagano's empty gulf.

There many more of us expired from lack

Of care, from deprivations and disease.

Your dear Vesalius was seen to help those

Who were unable to help others live.

I stood still by his side. And then one day

He pined, made weak by constant fasting, wants,

Exposed most days to cruel injuries

And deep infections. To my shame, I say

I stood still by his side, not to help but

To triumph in his pains, who, as I thought,

But now acknowledge as a foolish
dream,
Encouraged my condemned
former wife
To wanton mischief. Yes, I stood
by his side
And laughed to see Vesalius
shrink and die.

Carlos. Why do I not strike your
remaining eye,
Your ear, your arm, your leg for
this report?

Damon. You cannot hate me
worse than I myself
Each day of my life. I stood by his
side
And gained what he had lost with
loss of life,
His horrible and dreadful
maladies,
But yet survived them to my cost
and care.

I'll speak again tomorrow why this
man
Swam to his doom. Your Olivares
there
Is much to blame for his
mischance and mine.

Olivares. Ah, traitor Damon, will
you murder me?

Philip. We will investigate these
matters strange
And punish hard the culprits for
their crimes.
Get him some surgeons for his
bloody wounds,
And wholesome prelates for his
deep despair.

Exeunt King Philip, Carlos,
Olivares, and Damon